

HYMNS
OF THE
RUSSIAN CHURCH

TRANSLATED BY
JOHN BROWNLIE

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HYMNS OF
THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

HYMNS

OF THE

RUSSIAN CHURCH

BEING TRANSLATIONS, CENTOS, AND
SUGGESTIONS FROM THE GREEK OFFICE
BOOKS, WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY
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"THE HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS OF THE CHURCH HYMNARY,"
"HYMNS OF THE EARLY CHURCH," "HYMNS OF THE GREEK CHURCH,"
ETC., ETC.

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INTRODUCTION

THE Greek Church is little known in the West, and it would seem as if there were little desire on our part to alter that state of things. The causes which have led to this indifference are many and not easily traced, but there are two which may be briefly referred to as being, perhaps, the chief.

The first of these is the inherent peculiarity of temperament which finds its expression in habits of thought and modes of action in the East, against which the spirit of the West frets and for which it has neither sympathy nor toleration. The quiet, meditative restfulness, the satisfaction with past attainment in doctrine and worship, the wistful retrospective gaze upon magnificent accomplishment, which the experiences of centuries of trial have only intensified,—these are totally alien to the active, speculative, hopeful spirit of the West.

The other is the great Roman Church. Inspired with the spirit which commends itself to the Western mind,—its activity, its aptitude to fit itself to the ever-changing circumstances of the times, its progressive spirit, and thirst for achievement,—that Church, for the past nine centuries, has obtruded itself upon our attention, and claimed, nay, demanded,

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our consideration. It pervades the West ; its advocates are ubiquitous ; its influence is everywhere felt. We are out of touch with the East ; the Greek Church fades from our view,—out of sight it is out of mind, and it is the Roman Church that bars our vision.

Needless to say, the Greek Church deserves better at our hands than to be thus forgotten. Do we forget that the Fathers of that Church formulated our doctrines and shaped our creed ; that the creed framed at Nicea is practically our creed ; that the churches founded by the Apostles still hold by Apostolic doctrine, and are parts of that great Church ; and that, in unbroken succession, from the dawn of Christianity down to the present time, the bishops have handed on the torch of truth ? We reap the blessing of Eastern fidelity to Christian truth, and forget, or ignore, the source whence it came to us.

Prior to the Great Schism in A.D. 1054, Christendom in East and West was practically one. The causes which led to that separation—fraught with such momentous and far-reaching issues, not only for Christianity, but also for the nations of the East—cannot be dwelt upon here. Suffice it to say that the estrangement found its completion when, in 1054, the addition of the word *Filioque* to the Latin Creed by which the Roman See expressed its adherence to the double procession of the Holy Ghost,—from the Father, *and the Son*, a doctrine against which the Greek Church had repeatedly protested,—supplied the ground for a renewal of the quarrel, which resulted, this time,

INTRODUCTION

in separation complete and final, Pope Leo IX excommunicating Michael Cerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople.

In 1453 the Turk entered Constantinople, and the history of the Greek Empire was closed : but not that of the Church. She accepted the change of conditions imposed upon her, and when her temples were despoiled, and her worship profaned, still held to the Faith. Now that the Ottoman rule is gone, let us hope for ever, the prospect brightens, and the suffering Church, which has so nobly maintained the conflict, will doubtless reap her reward ; and not in those dominions only, but also over the vast extent of Russia, when the sorely tried people of that late empire shall have emerged from the present welter in blood.

The Greek Church, in its Orthodox and Heretical divisions, comprises, among others, those peoples who speak the Greek and Slavic tongues. The Russian Church includes the peoples of that vast dominion. Christianity was first preached to them shortly before the Schism of 1054, and their conversion marks the greatest conquest of Christianity since the days of the Apostles. It was that great event which laid the foundation of Russia's subsequent greatness ; and our hope for that interesting people lies in their warm religious temperament, and the Christian element that has entered their life, which have been fostered not alone in years of prosperity, but through centuries of oppression ; and in these days in the midst of horrors to which the experiences of earlier Greek Christians alone afford a parallel.

In the ninth century commercial relations with

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Constantinople brought the Slavic people in contact with Eastern Christianity. Kiev became a centre of influence. Later, under the rule of Vladimir, who had become a devoted convert, Greek missionaries carried the Cross into Russia, preaching the Christian Faith to the people in their own language. The result was phenomenal. Churches, schools, monasteries were built, and were soon filled. For a century after the Schism of 1054 the Russian Church continued its connection with the See of Rome, but later resumed its old allegiance to the Patriarch of Constantinople.

The error has got abroad that the Russian Church is not really Greek, but only akin to it. This is a pure fiction; there is no Slavic Church; the Church in Russia has always been, and still is, essentially Greek.

Early in the fourteenth century the first Russian Patriarch was consecrated, although the Church continued for some time longer to look to the Patriarchs of Constantinople for guidance: and about the same time the Metropolitan See was transferred to Moscow, and relationship to the state established. In the reign of Peter the Great the patriarchate was suppressed, and the Holy Governing Synod took its place. This Synod, which has never changed its constitution, consists of the Metropolitans of Moscow, Kiev, and Petrograd, the Exarch of Georgia, and other prelates, the number of which is not limited. The Czar had the right to nominate six other dignitaries, as well as the principal chaplain to the forces, and his own private chaplain. A change of constitution will, however, now be necessary, and it will be interesting to learn what it will be.

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The Service books from which the hymns in this volume are taken were, early in the history of the Russian Church, translated into Slavic. On account, however, of the separation and long distance from Constantinople, and for other reasons, many interpolations and not a few errors crept into these books, and continual revision had to be undertaken. The result is that at the present time the Russian Church has an excellent translation of the Greek Offices, in language clear enough, and simple enough, to be understood by all, even by the illiterate peasantry.

In these books the hymns with which we deal are to be found. Fully two-thirds of their contents are hymnodical; and as there are seventeen quarto volumes, closely printed, the extent of the praise material of the Russian Church can be imagined,—a veritable thesaurus, and practically unknown to the Churches of the West. They are written in rhythmical prose, in which metre and quantity are ignored, accent alone being observed. Commas are used, not to mark the sense, but to indicate the musical notation, much as we employ the colon in prose Psalms prepared for chanting. An exception to this rule is found in a few hymns by St. John of Damascus, which are in iambics. The hymns of the earliest Greek Christian poets, of which a very few are included in this volume, are not found in the Office books, and are consequently not used in canonical worship. The praise is conducted by a choir of Singers, who are ordained to their office; or, in the event of the service being lengthy, recited by a Reader, who is likewise ordained. No instrumental accompaniment is permitted.

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The hymns of the Office books have a variety of characteristics, and are distinguished by terms the meaning of which is in most cases extremely vague, and in others to be derived from the subject of the hymn, or from the form, or it may be from the time, place, or manner, in which it is sung. As we have no corresponding words in our language for most of these it is necessary to retain the originals.

The Canon is the most elaborate form into which the praise of the Church is cast. A Canon consists nominally of nine Odes, for the reason that there are nine scriptural canticles employed at Lauds, viz. The Song of Moses after crossing the Red Sea; The Song of Moses in Deut. xxxii.; The Songs of Hannah, Habakkuk, Isaiah, Jonah, The Three Children (first part, and second part), Mary (Magnificat), Simeon (Nunc dimittis).

As reference is made in each Ode to the canticle of the same number, *e.g.* in the sixth Ode to Jonah's prayer in the whale's belly, a considerable amount of ingenuity has been expended to secure the reference. The effect in some cases, as may be fancied, is somewhat grotesque, but it is remarkable with what skill it has in so many cases been accomplished.

The Hirmos is the first stanza of the Ode. It may or may not have a relation to the stanzas following, for its function is to give them their rhythmical model.

Troparia are the stanzas which follow the Hirmos. There are usually three in an Ode, but the number may exceed that. The term is probably derived from the verb (τρέπω) to turn: the

INTRODUCTION

Troparia *turn* to the strophes of the Hirmos as to a model.

Scattered over the Canon is a variety of verses variously named. The Kathisma occurs after the third or sixth Ode. The verse is sung during a pause in the service (*καθίζω*).

Hypacōe occur after the third Ode ; Kontakia, another obscure term, after the sixth Ode. Each Ode is followed by a Theotokion (*θεοτόκος*, God-bearing), a Troparion dedicated to the Virgin Mother. In some cases a stanza depicting her at the Cross follows, called the Staurotheotokion. The Icos follows the Kontakion after the sixth Ode. Stichera are a series of verses, in some cases taken from the Psalter. The Idiomelon, unlike the Troparion, follows no model. The Exapostilarion is a verse sung between certain Psalms by one of the clergy, who is *sent* (*ἐξαποστέλλω*) from his place among the choir down to the middle of the Church, for that purpose.

The hymns of this collection are, as the title describes them,—Translations or Renderings, Centos and Suggestions. It is in their suggestiveness that the chief attraction of Greek hymns lies. By the ordinary process of translation, the harmony which they present in the original language and setting, and the combined effect of metaphor and symbol in which they abound, are apt to be lost. It is by capturing the subtle suggestion of the original, and utilizing it to the best advantage in our more matter of fact language, that the value of the original is made appreciable. Objectiveness, which is the prominent mark of these hymns, enables us to do

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

for ourselves what less wholesome subjective hymns aim at doing for us, and not always successfully ;— it presents a picture,—an icon in words, and if the worshipper be not hopelessly blind, he sees it, and the impression is made upon the mind and heart, with the desired result in varying degrees. It is this that makes the hymns of the Service books so suggestive, and hence the result of a reminiscence of the original is usually subjective. In the Suggestions included in this collection the original is used as a basis, a theme, a motive ; oriental colour and some of its warmth are, it is hoped, preserved. Now and again an oriental figure is retained, and to those who have any acquaintance with the worship of the Eastern Church it must be obvious that the peculiar themes of her praise are in abundant evidence.

What, then, is the net result ? To an unpractised eye, if no indication of the source of these hymns had been given, could anything about them have suggested their source ? To the unpractised eye, nothing. But no one who knows the Greek Offices will travel far before he overtakes well-known landmarks. This is just as it should be. It is sufficient that a fertile source of suggestion has been found—of theme, thought, form, colour—and that from this ancient source it is possible to procure much that is beautiful for the adornment of the worship of God's house to-day. And this gratifying fact is made plain, that the themes of Greek praise are the themes of the praise of the Church in our land, and in all Christian lands ;—The Christ in all the might and glory of His Person and Work ;

INTRODUCTION

the need of our humanity, and the way in which Christ met it; His miraculous birth, which is not shorn of any of its mystery, and the embellishments of the event, which are never toned down, but, in true oriental fashion, made, if possible, more dazzling; His Passion and Death, and the fullness of their atoning efficacy. But, as is to be expected, the grand theme of the Greek singers, as became those who, more than we have done, caught the first inspiration of their praise from the Apostles, is the glorious Resurrection of our Lord from the dead. Here the praise of the Greek Church touches its highest note and pours forth its most enchanting melody. "Christ is risen," and the glad response, "He is risen indeed,"—these words constitute the keynote of all that is best and most beautiful in Greek worship. The Knowledge and the Wisdom of God are everywhere extolled, and the attribute of Light is continually and cordially applied to the Deity.

In most cases initial Greek headlines have been omitted from the hymns of this collection for the reason that they can serve no useful purpose, nor indicate with any certainty the source of any particular hymn.

The foregoing Introduction to our subject has been deemed indispensable in view of the scanty information possessed by our people relative to the great Church of the East. The hymns must speak for themselves. May they be as a gift from a deeply suffering Church to many sad hearts in our own land—saddened by the events of the cruel war from which we have just emerged, thank God,

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victorious. If the comfort which many of them breathe should help to soothe the wounds of our sorrow, the Church from which it proceeds will only be continuing the office which she has so nobly fulfilled to her own suffering people during the past six centuries, and which she herself so sorely needs in these days of oppression and bloodshed.

J. B.

PORTPATRICK.

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MORNING—NOON—NIGHT

MORNING

I

THE rosy-fingered dawn appears,
And lo, the sun uprise ;
His shafts like golden pointed spears
 Illume the brightening skies ;—
Up, soul of mine, in beauty shine,
And praise the Lord of Light divine.

Thou hast a task to do this day,
 Thy God to serve in all ;
Like morn and noon thy light display,
 Ere night in darkness fall.—
Up, soul of mine, in beauty shine,
And praise the Lord of Light divine.

The rosy morn shall fade away,
 The sun his course complete ;
Thy task must end with close of day,
 When light and darkness greet.—
Up, soul of mine, in beauty shine,
And praise the Lord of Light divine.

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Eternal light eternal glows,
Beyond the realms of time ;
Where service still to service grows,
As suns to noontide climb.—
Up, soul of mine, in beauty shine,
And praise the Lord of Light divine.

II

TRIPLE beam of glory
Through the darkness poured ;
One the Light eternal
In our blessed Lord :
Give us in the morning
Gladness for the day,
All our life adorning,
Chase our night away.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
Glory to the Spirit,
Blessed Three in One :—
Let Thy beams united,
Brighter than the sun,
Lighten men benighted,
Blessed Three in One.

Men in darkness sitting
Scan the eastern skies ;
Glory of the Father,
On their night arise ;

MORNING

Give the morn supernal,
Give the endless day ;—
Light of lights, eternal,
Chase their night away.

Hearts are dark with sorrow,
Minds are dull with care ;
Clouds of doubt envelop
Mankind everywhere ;
Triple beam of gladness,
Through the ages poured,
Give us joy for sadness,—
Shine upon us, Lord.

III

**Ορθριος δίδωμι τῷ Θεῷ μου δεξιὰς*

ST. GREGORY, *4th Century*

THE morning breaks, I place my hand in Thine,
My God, 'tis Thine to lead, to follow mine ;
No word deceitful shall I speak the while,
Nor shall I stain my hand with action vile.

Thine be this day with worthy labour filled,
Strong let me stand to do the duty willed ;
Nor swayed by restless passion would I be,
That I may give the offering pure to Thee ;

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Else were I shamed when hoary age I see,
Shamed were this board that bears Thy gifts to me :
Mine is the impulse ; O my Christ, I pray,
Be Thou Thyself to me the Blessed Way.

IV

WHEN the morning from the skies
Pours on earth its glorious rays,
Up, my soul, from slumber rise,
Give the God of light thy praise.

When the earth with beauty decked,
Spreads her verdant mantle broad,
Let thy garb the hues reflect
Of the holiness of God.

While the sun his course fulfils
Till the shining day is done,
For the task His wisdom wills,
Gird thee till the goal is won.

Every morn of every day
Heed the voice of God that calls ;
Swiftly His behests obey
Ere the silent darkness falls.

Day is passing, night is near,—
Life is but a day at best ;
Serve Thy God with holy fear,
If the night would bring you rest.

MORNING

V

THE morning dawns ; on gilded height
The glory of the early light

Awaits the rising sun ;
Awake, my soul, to life awake !
Inspired with hope thy task o'ertake,
And fill the day begun.

O Light, beyond our utmost light,
To Whom our day is as the night,
Our sun a feeble star ;
Lead me to where Thy glories rise,
Beyond the earth, beyond the skies,
On fairer fields afar.

Thou art the Light, eternal Christ,
Whose glory at the first sufficed
To fire the endless spheres ;
Night has no more abiding place,
Before the brightness of Thy face
The darkness disappears.

O that a searching ray would shine
Within this darkened soul of mine,
And bid my night depart !
Then would the joy of life abound,
And morning music ever sound
Within my joyless heart.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

VI

ALL glorious, see, the morning breaks ;
Awake, my soul, creation wakes ;
And while the purple tints the skies,
Prepare for God thy sacrifice.

Thanks to my God, my best of friends,
For all the care His love extends ;
For rest, and peace, and waking eyes
To view the light that fills the skies.

Let sleep my waking eyes forsake ;
From sloth my soul her pinions shake ;
And may the light that gladdens all,
Illume my task till evening fall.

O Christ, my Morning star, my Light,
With Thee no dread infects the night ;
May darkness ne'er my life appal
Nor night, at noon-tide, darkly fall.

Bring me where morn eternal shines,
And light, unfailing, life entwines ;
Where darkness ne'er its clouds unrolls
To charge with dread our fearful souls.

To Thee, O Christ, be endless praise,
O Morning star, my joy always ;
Be aye my morn, for ever shine,
And fill my soul with peace divine.

MORNING

VII

Tὰς ἄνω Δυνάμεις μνησόμενοι οἱ ἐπὶ γῆς

OUR hearts to heaven upraising,
We, with the angelic host,
Sing praises to the Father,
To Son, and Holy Ghost.

O Uncreated Nature,
Yet Maker Thou of all,
Our lips proclaim Thy praises,
As at Thy feet we fall.

All Holy, Holy, Holy,
Eternal God art Thou,
Hear us in prayer before Thee,
And send Thy mercy now.

In slumber Thou hast kept us,
And now, with morning light,
Our hearts and minds awaken,
And give them morn for night ;

And we shall give Thee praises
Blest Trinity adored ;
For Holy, Holy, Holy,
Art Thou Eternal Lord.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

VIII

Now glows the morn in beauty rare ;
Oh haste, my soul, to fervent prayer,
And let the wings of morning raise
To God the tribute of thy praise.

The night is gone, now disappear
The clouds that hung in threatening near ;
Day comes apace, and terrors flee,
And light illumines the land and sea.

O soul dismayed ! when darkness fills
The dismal days with darkling ills,
Rest in the calm the promise gives,
That Christ, thy Light and Glory, lives.

Morn shall appear and scatter night ;
Light shall appear in noonday night.
Strong in the joy the daylight brings,
Soul, thou shalt rise on glowing wings.

Morn of my soul, O Christ, Thou art ;
Light of my life ; my drooping heart
Sings, when Thy countenance benign
Shines as the joys of noonday shine.

IX

MORN awakes, behold the glory
From the hill-tops spread abroad,
Telling still the ancient story
Of the faithfulness of God.

MORNING

Soul, bestir ! the path before thee
Leads toward the realm of night ;
Heed the voices that implore thee,—
Walk, the while ye have the light.

Haste ! the daylight may forsake thee
Ere thou reach thy journey's goal ;
Lest the solemn night o'ertake thee,
Up ! the shining hours control.

Do the task that waits thy doing ;
Let the will of God be thine ;
Ever what is right pursuing,
Till the day to night decline.

Christ, Thou Sun that knows no setting,
In my soul in beauty shine ;
Then, the dread of night forgetting,
I shall live in light divine.

X

SEE, in the darkness, the dawn is awaking,
Shafts from the sunrise are piercing the gloom,
Night in her mantle the earth is forsaking,
Heaven gives its glory, and nature her bloom.

Wake from thy slumber, O soul : it is morning ;
Rise to the tasks which the morning prepares ;
Fair be thy garments, a sunlight adorning,
Fairer than earth in the morning light wears.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Morning or night, if the clouds are depressing,
Sunlight or starlight shut out from the view ;
Light of my life ! may the calm of Thy blessing
Fall on my soul as the comforting dew.

Light of my soul ! where Thy Presence is beaming,
Night cannot come though the clouds may obscure ;
Fill Thou my soul, and the dark is but seeming,
Shadows may flit, but Thy light shall endure.

See, in the darkness, the dawn is awaking,—
Soul, it is morning : in worship adore ;
Fall at His feet, all the evil forsaking,
Live in the light of the Christ ever more.

NOON

Now the sun at noon of day,
Shines upon the earth below ;
And the fields in bright array,
Spread their beauty in its glow ;—
Jesus, Lord, when noon controls,
May Thy beauty grace our souls.

Weary, when the noon oppressed,
Thou didst rest upon the well,
And a sinning soul was blest,
As Thy words divinely fell ;—
Lord, Thy living water give,
That our thirsting souls may live.

NOON

Once at noon, a midnight dread
Blotted out the earth and sky,
For the God-man bowed His head,
And creation saw Him die ;—
May Thy death our dying be,
May we rise, O Christ, with Thee.

In Thy realm of light above,
Rising suns, nor setting, shine ;
Thou, Thyself, O Lord of Love,
Ceaseless pour'st Thy light divine ;—
Lord, where noontide shines alway
Bring our souls, we humbly pray.

EVENING

I

Σοὶ νύξ με φέρει τὸν αἰδόν, ἄναξ

SYNESIUS, 4th Century

WHEN darkness falls, and night is here,
My hymns of praise in silence rise,—
This knows the moon, whose silver sphere
Shines in the star bespangled skies.

When morning breaks, and glorious day
Shines in the dawn and noontide fair,—
This knows the sun—a grateful lay
Springs from my heart in fervent prayer.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

When 'fails the light at sunset grey,
And twilight listens for my song,—
This know the stars,—in bright array,
My praises mingle with their throng.

II

THE sun has reached his western goal,
And night-winds hush the world to rest ;
Be still, and worship God, my soul,
Who through the day thy life hath blest.

To God thy Maker thanks accord,
For life, and hope, and every good ;
And all the comfort of His Word
Incarnate, for the spirit's food.

Ah, night is dark when clouds of guilt
The shrinking soul with fears distress ;
Call on the Christ Whose blood was spilt,
And all thy guiltiness confess.

Then let me rest in calm repose,—
Secure in Him my rest is sweet ;
The fears of night no dread impose,
If I have worshipped at His feet.

O Christ, Who art my Light, I pray,
Keep Thou my soul till morning shine ;
Then, brighter than the orb of day,
Illume my path with light divine.

EVENING

III

UP rose the morn behind the hills
When all the world was sleeping ;
And beauty smote the dancing rills,
And gladness chased our brooding ills,
And set our hearts a-leaping.

Then high at noon the sun looked down
Upon our care and fretting,
The while we trod the path of life,
In ease or toil, in pain or strife,
Remembering or forgetting.

And now 'tis eve, and solemn night
Its curtain spreads above us ;—
O God, in mercy let us rest,
Assured that all in life is best,
If Thou, our Father, love us.

MIDNIGHT

Ἰδοὺ ὁ Νυμφίος ἔρχεται ἐν τῇ μέσῳ τῆς νυκτός

Troparia

· BEHOLD the Bridegroom cometh
At the hour of midnight drear,
And blest be he who watcheth
When his Master shall appear,
But woe betide the careless one
Asleep when He is near !

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

O soul of mine, bestir thee
Lest thou sink in slumber quite,
And the Bridegroom find thee sleeping
When He cometh in His might.
Awake, awake to praises,
For He cometh in the night.

That fearful day approacheth,
Then live, O soul, aright,
And watch the hour, and trim thy lamp,
And keep it burning bright,
Lest the voice be heard, "He cometh!"
In the middle of the night.

Beware when slumber binds thee
Lest the Bridegroom pass thee by,
And thou knock without in darkness,
And for grief and anguish cry;
Take thy lamp, with oil, and trim it,
For the hour is drawing nigh.

ADVENT AND CHRISTMAS

ADVENT

I

LIGHT upon our gloom arising,
Herald of the perfect day ;
Night, and all its powers despising,
Hail we now Thy glorious ray.

From the home of light excelling,
Comes He forth in raiment bright,
Stealing to the noisome dwelling
Of the denizen of night.

To the hopeless, bound and sighing,
Held in darkness as a snare,
Comes He forth, their bands untying,
Giving hope for gaunt despair.

To the faithless, faint and failing,
Leaning on a staff that breaks,—
Kindling lights all unavailing,—
Lo, the Light of lights awakes.

To the fearful heart in sorrow,
Tossed upon a troubled sea,
Comes that Light as on the morrow
When He walked on Galilee.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Lord of life, on Thee depending,
Would we lift our eyes to Thee ;
From the bliss of Heaven descending,
Come, our souls from dying free.

II

THE King is on His journey,
His heralds go before ;
Soon shall the earth receive her Lord,
Nor mourn His absence more ;
The dawn is leading in the day,
Ye sons of men, prepare His way.

The triumph of His victory
In battle songs proclaim ;
Speak to the captive in his chains
The magic of His name ;
He rules o'er freemen, not o'er slaves,
His arm is mighty, and it saves.

Bedeck His throne majestic,
Set forth His royal state ;
With palms bestrew His onward path,
And open wide the gate ;
His coming, lo, is now at hand,
Obedient, wait His high command.

O Jesus, King, come quickly ;
Thy waiting people pine
To see the beauty of Thy face
And hear Thy voice divine ;
The fealty of their lives to give,
In willing service while they live.

CHRISTMAS

I

GLADNESS fills the world this morn,—
Blessed morn, the heavens are ringing,
For the Lord of life is born,
And the choirs are singing.

Angel-bands whose harps resound
With the joy that thrills in glory;—
Sons of men, let praise abound,
For the wondrous story.

Now fulfilled what seer and sage
Spoke to men through ages hoary;—
What was writ upon the page,
Now appears in glory.

From the love of God He came,
Born true Man, yet God abiding,
And Immanuel is His name,
With His folk residing.

'Alleluia, let us sing,
For the choirs in light are singing;
Costly offerings let us bring,
For the wise are bringing.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

II

HAIL the morn ! Let praises cheerful
Scatter night and brooding fear ;
Wipe the eyes with sorrow tearful,—
Christ is here.

Ah, the doubting, faintly hoping
As the promised time drew near,
In the darkness blindly groping ;—
Christ is here.

Come, O Christ ! our souls with gladness
Greet Thine Advent with a cheer—
To a world that scorns its sadness ;—
Christ is here.

Thou, the Father's love revealing,
Now to loveless men appear
With Thy gifts of grace and healing ;—
Christ is here.

Hope is ours, and hope is bringing
To our sky a noontide clear ;
Pardon, peace, and joy are singing,
Christ is here.

Life is ours, and life undying
Thrills the soul when Thou art near.
Up, my heart ! enough of sighing,
Christ is here.

CHRISTMAS

III

Χριστὸς ὁ βασιλεὺς

Now the King immortal
Comes to claim His own ;
Shepherds at their watch by night
Hail the glory of the light,—
They, and they, alone.

Heralds from the heaven-land,
Tell His advent clear ;—
Where the sound of hurrying feet ?
Where the crowds come forth to greet ?
Where the loyal cheer ?

Angels, on the night winds
Have their carols thrown ;—
Theirs the music rapturous, sweet,
Theirs the songs the Monarch greet,
Theirs, and theirs alone.

Ah, the silent night hours,
Ah, the slumberers, prone !
Mortals wake, arise, adore !
Angels, shepherds, honours pour,
They, and they alone.

Jesu, King immortal,
Mount Thy rightful throne ;
Loyal hearts their plaudits pour,
Heaven and earth with songs adore,
They, not they alone.

PALM SUNDAY TO PENTECOST

PALM SUNDAY

I

Ἰδοὺ, ὁ βασιλεὺς σου ἔρχεται

BEHOLD the King of Zion rides,
But not in vain array ;
The people wave their goodly palms,
With garments strew the way ;
And loud hosannas fill the air
From crowds that, surging, throng ;—
'Tis meet to honour Him Who rides,
With cheer, and shout, and song.

O Zion of your God beloved,
The day of strife is nigh,
Yet comes He not in armour clad,
And sword upon His thigh ;
The weapons of our mighty King
No other hand could wield,
The might of God is in His arm,
The will of God His shield.

See, on the Cross without the wall
The King immortal dies ;
Not now hosannas fill the air,—
The shouts of hell arise ;

PALM SUNDAY

But in that hour of triumph deemed,
Satanic might is slain,
For He Who bows the head in death,
Shall rise to life again.

O Zion, hail your mighty King ;
Your palms around Him wave ;
And strew your garments in the way
Of Him Who rides to save ;
And when He mounts His regal throne,
By bloody conflict won,
Give homage to the King of heaven,
God's One Eternal Son.

II

STREW palms, strew palms upon the way,
With loud hosannas fill the air,
And greet thy King Who comes to-day,
To wear a crown, O Zion fair.

He mounts a throne with purple spread,
That issues from His wounded side,
And prickly thorns encrown His head,
In mockery of His kingly pride.

O people, blinded are your eyes,
The Gift of God you have not known ;
And now the hope of ages dies,
And lo, the guilt is all your own.

Strew palms; strew palms, He comes again,
A King to reign, and not to die ;

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Hosannas shout in loud refrain,
To rise re-echoing to the sky.

But, not enough, before Him fall,
His kingly grace repenting claim ;
And He shall hear your humble call,
Above the shouting and acclaim.

Strew palms, strew palms ! O Christ our King,
To Thee our fealty now we give,
And all the grateful homage bring
Of lives that for Thy service live.

PASSIONTIDE

I

“WATCH with Me,” the Master said,
And the night around Him fell,
While the snares of sin and hell
On His awful path were spread.

But they slumbered while He prayed ;
They who were His constant care,
Heard no echo of His prayer,
When His soul was sore dismayed.

Then He held the cup of woe,
And the prayer to God was made ;—
Thrice in agony He prayed,
That He might the draught forgo.

PASSIONTIDE

But the will of God was done,
In the garden, on that night,
And He rose in all the might
Of the Well-beloved Son.

Ah, my soul, thy Lord behold ;—
Wake from slumber, hear Him pray,
All thy griefs are borne away,
By His agony, untold.

And the strength of God is thine
When the will of God is done
In obedience, as a son,
Conscious of a love divine.

II

WITHIN the garden's sombre shade,
The Christ of God in anguish prayed ;—
And who that agony could tell,
As from His brow the blood-drops fell ?

“Can ye not watch one hour ?” He saith,—
“My soul is sorrowful to death.”
But He alone the vigil kept,
While worn disciples slumbering slept.

O dark the cloud that threatening hung,
And sore the grief His soul that wrung ;—
The hate of man, the guilty name,
The bitter Cross, the sin and shame.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

“If I must drink this cup,” He prayed,
“The burden bear upon Me laid,
My God, I bow Me to Thy will,
And meekly Thy behest fulfil.”

My soul ! when to the garden led,
And clouds are gathering overhead ;
When none the hour of anguish shares,
To God direct thy earnest prayers.

“Thy will be done, Thy will is best,”—
And then the bitter cup is blest,
If for His will the cup I drain,
Despite the agony and pain.

III

THE solemn feast was spent,
And night had spread her pall,
When Christ with His disciples went
Beyond the city wall ;
And in the dark He led the way,
Towards the lone Gethsemane.

He took His chosen three,
And bowed with grief He saith,
“Abide ye here, and watch with me,
I sorrow unto death” ;
Then, moving forward still a pace,
He fell in prayer upon His face.

Ah, ill their watch they keep,
For soon their eyelids close,

PASSIONTIDE

And when their Lord returned, in sleep
Those weary men repose ;
“Awake,” He said, “make prayerful call,
Lest ye before the tempter fall.”

Thrice did the Master pray,
That God His Son would save ;
But heaven in silence turned away,
And earth no comfort gave ;
And still the worn disciples slept
While Christ alone the vigil kept.

O soul of mine, awake !
Cast off thy careless sleep ;
To God Thy prayer for succour make
And earnest vigil keep ;
And learn, whate'er His will may be,
To do that will is best for thee.

IV

Φοβερὸν καὶ παράδοξον Μυστήριον

*Sticheron Idiomelon from Vespers
on Friday of Passion Week*

TO-DAY a wonder we behold,
A Mystery profound,—
The Great Invisible of old
Before our eyes is bound :
And He Who came to set us free,
Is held in base captivity.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

The Judge of all, to Whose assize
The race of man shall wend,
When He to Judgement shall arise,
And forth the summons send,—
Behold Him, faultless and alone,
Before an earthly judgement throne.

And cruel hands are on Him laid,
And smite Him on the face,
'Though by Himself the hands were made,
Thus sullied with disgrace ;
Creation, view the awful sight,
The creature his Creator smite.

He, Who Immortal Life bestows,
And hades' might defies,
Is hurried by relentless hands,
To Calvary, where He dies ;—
And all is borne,—the scorn, the Cross,
In love to save our souls from loss.

V

Τὴν ἄχραντον Εἰκόνα σου προσκυνούμεν ἀγαθέ

Troparion of The Sixth Hour

BEFORE Thy Cross we take our place,
With all our load of guilt,
And plead forgiveness of Thy grace,
Because Thy blood was spilt.

PASSIONTIDE

For Thou, to free us from our foes,
Didst bear that cruel Cross,
And by its agony and woes
Bring gain for all our loss.

Therefore we raise with one accord
Our songs right thankfully ;
For joy and peace, O Christ our Lord,
We owe in full to Thee.

VI

Τῷ πάθει σου, Χριστέ, παθῶν ἡλευθερώθημεν

Stichera of The Resurrection

WHEREFORE on the Cross uplifted,
Bore the Lord our anguish sore ?
That He might from suffering save us
By those wounds for evermore.

Wherefore from the grave triumphant,
Came our Lord that radiant day ?
That the bondage of corruption
Might for ever yield its sway.

Let the heavens resound with gladness,
Praises ring through all the earth ;
Let the nations all, before Him,
Clap their hands with joyous mirth.

To the Cross that bore our Saviour,
Were our sins in mercy bound ;

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

By the death of Him Who loved us,
Life for all mankind is found.

Glory unto God the Father,
Glory unto Christ the Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Now, and while the ages run.

VII

O WOUNDED hands and feet !
O heart, with spear-thrust torn !
O brow, with blood-drops falling down,
Beneath the piercing thorn !
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Why was such anguish Thine ?

The angels were amazed,
The sun refused his light,
And they who knew that Christ was God,
Turned from the woeful sight ;
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Why was such anguish Thine ?

My soul, canst thou not tell
Why such a sacrifice ?
Hast thou no needs for which the Cross
Alone can find supplies ?
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Why was such anguish Thine ?

PASSIONTIDE

For thee the Cross was reared ;
For thee the Christ was slain ;
For thee He sojourned with the dead,
And rose to life again ;
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Thus was the anguish Thine.

VIII

O DARKEST night that ever fell !
Before the sun had set,
The light was blotted from the heavens,
And death and darkness met.

For God had turned His face away
From all the sin He bore
Whom in His love to earth He sent,
To bear that burden sore.

Ah ! darkest night that ever falls
On soul of human race,
When God in anger turns away
The brightness of His face ;

Then sun, and moon, and stars are lost,
Amid our hopeless night ;
And all the radiant bliss of life
Is curtained from our sight.

O Christ, Thou art our Light and Sun,
Our Hope 'mid guilty fears ;

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

No night surrounds Thy presence now,
Nor threatening cloud appears ;

And sin and death no longer reign,
Nor day to dark declines,
For, from the Father's face, a light
Of reconciliation shines.

IX

O BLEEDING heart, look up, behold
He hangs upon a Cross of dread,
Who bore a load of grief untold,
And, crowned with sorrow, bowed the head ;
His heart once bled, O bleeding heart ;
His hand can soothe thy cruel smart.

He knows thy grief, He knows it well,
The cruel loss, the fearful gloom ;
For on His soul an anguish fell,
Among the mourners at the tomb ;
His heart with sympathy can bless ;
He knows thy sorrow's loneliness.

Bear it to Him, and leave it there,
And dawn shall chase the night away,
And all the shadow of thy care,
Melt as the clouds at opening day ;
And gladness born of fearful night,
Rise in thy soul with joyous light.

PASSIONTIDE

X

HEAVY laden with thy grief,
Do thy tears like raindrops flow ?
Christ hath all thy sorrows borne,
Long ago.

See Him in the garden prone,
While He pours His soul to God ;
Then He bore affliction keen,
And the rod.

Weary, laden with thy sin,
Dost thou bow beneath the load ?
Cast the burden of thy woe,
On thy God.

See Him fainting by the way,
As He bears the ponderous tree ;
Hear His weary spirit sigh,
All for thee.

Sad and doubting ! lo, the sun
Shines upon a glorious day ;
He is risen, come see the place
Where He lay.

Glory to our suffering Lord,
Praise to our exalted King,—
Source of life and endless bliss,—
Let us bring.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

XI

Ὁ μονογενὴς Υἱὸς καὶ Λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ

From the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom

THOU One-begotten Son,
Eternal Word adored,
Immortal while the ages run,
And our Almighty Lord.

To bring Salvation nigh,
To vanquish death and sin,
Thou didst in cruel anguish die,
And life for mortals win.

Save us, O Christ, our God,
Save by Thy Cross we pray ;
Thou Who didst bear the Father's rod,
And death, by dying, slay.

Thou art the Eternal Son,
One in the glorious Three ;
Co-equal praise, Immortal One,
Shall ever rise to Thee.

EASTER

I

Ἐπὶ τῆς θείας φυλακῆς

WATCHMAN from the height beholding,
Look towards the eastern sky ;
Is the light of heaven unfolding ?
Comes the shining angel nigh,

EASTER

Telling to our lost creation
Christ hath risen for our salvation ?

Yea, He came to earth to save us ;
As a lamb the Christ was slain ;
For our Passover He gave us
His own flesh in direst pain ;
On a Cross of anguish dying,
Very God, our need supplying.

Watchman, from the height beholding,
Comes the angel through the gloom,
Ere the morning light unfolding
Fills the darkness of the tomb ?
Comes the angel through our sadness,
Waking souls of men to gladness ?

See ! the gates of hades shaken ;
Burst asunder is the prison ;
Souls of men from bondage taken,
Praise the Lord from death arisen ;
Praise the Resurrection morning,
All our life with hope adorning.

II

Τὰς ἑσπερινὰς ἡμῶν εὐχάς

Stichera of The Resurrection

OUR evening prayers attend,
O Thou that holy art ;
In mercy full forgiveness send
To every contrite heart ;

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

For Thou hast risen to set us free,
And all mankind rejoice in Thee.

Encompass Zion round,
Ye people, tell His fame ;
Let Resurrection joy abound,
And glory to His name ;
He is our Lord, Who from the grave
Arose our sinning souls to save.

With Resurrection lays,
Ye people, come adore,
And worship Him with grateful praise,
Who lives for evermore ;
He is our God, Who from the grave
Arose our sinning souls to save.

Lord, by Thy Passion Thou
Sav'st men from passions base,
And by Thy Resurrection, now
Dost from corruption raise.—
Glory to Thee we humbly bring,
O Christ, Who art our heavenly King.

III

Τετέλεσται !

(I)

Lo, He is dead ! The suffering Christ is dead ;
Closed are His eyes, and bowèd is His head.

EASTER

Dead, too, in shame ! Upon a Cross ! and see,
Thorns crown His brow, in cruel mockery.

O night, and woe ! The sun and stars are gone ;
Dark is the world, and hope, despairing, flown.

Art Thou not Christ ? The Christ of God, art Thou ?
How then this death ? This awful silence, how ?

O sin, and death, and victory of the grave !
Canst Thou, in death, O Christ, Thy people save ?

Weep in the night, O mortals at the grave ;
Dead is the Christ, and dead He cannot save.

IV

Χριστὸς ἀνέστη ἐκ νεκρῶν

(II)

MORNING awakes, and morn awaking sings ;
Light speeds from heaven to earth with glowing wings.

Haste to the tomb ! Ye mourners haste, with glee !
Christ hath arisen, from death's grim fetters free.

Gone are the night, the terror, and the gloom ;
Christ hath arisen, and left the awful tomb.

Death now is dead, the grave hath lost its power ;
Death and the grave are vanquished at this hour.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Thou art the Christ, victorious Christ art Thou,
Death hath no sting, and grave no victory now.

Glory to Thee, O Christ, Thy people bring ;
Thou art our God, and our Immortal King.

V

IN the dark of early morn,
Ere the light dispelled the gloom,
Came the hearts with sorrow, torn,
Weeping, to the lonely tomb.

Brought they aromatics rare
Culled from every choicest stem,
And from gardens blooming fair,
Round thy slopes, Jerusalem.

Ah, the thoughts that filled the mind,
As they journeyed all alone ;
For the Blessed Lord was kind,
And they loved Him as their own.

Glistening in the morning grey,—
Whence those garments fairer far
Than the light that hails the day
In the glorious morning star.

List ! their voices, heavenly, sweet,
As the light-clad angels say,
Come, behold, in reverence meet,
Where the risen Master lay.

EASTER

Hail the gladness, hail the day ;
Bring no spices, bring no tears ;
Death has lost its power to slay,
And the grave is reft of fears.

VI

Γῇ δὲ ἀγαλλιάσθω Χριστὸς γὰρ ἐγήγερται

SLEEPERS awake ! the night's long reign is past ;
Purple and gold adorn the hills at last ;
Songs of delight from myriad hearts arise,
Borne on the wind that bears them to the skies.

Sleepers awake ! The Christ from death awakes ;
Light from the tomb in radiant beauty breaks ;
Song from the heavens to listening earth descends,
Gladness of earth with heavenly gladness blends.

Sleepers awake ! to hope immortal spring,
Mount to the heights with never-tiring wing ;
Clouds are of earth where linger doubt and fear,
There, in the light, no threatening clouds appear.

Sleepers awake ! No time for slumber now,
Day shines from heaven with glory on its brow.
Darkness and night, and clouds are passed away,
Christ is the Light of our eternal day.

Sleepers awake ! the night's long reign is past ;
Purple and gold adorn the hills at last ;
Christ hath arisen. Awake ! creation wakes,
Light everlasting on our darkness breaks.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

VII

LIGHT, ere the dawn in beauty broke,
Sprang from the darkness and the gloom,
When Christ the King from death awoke,
And burst the fetters of the tomb.

Light of our souls, a glorious day,
Rose on the darkness of our world ;
Hell and his hosts, in black array,
Then from the seat of power were hurled.

Hope of the hearts by anguish wrung,
Light of the eyes bedimmed by woe,
When, on the Cross forsaken, hung
He Who had shared their life below.

All hail, the Christ ! Immortal Thou !
Death and the grave are conquered quite ;
Gone is the power that held us, now,
Gone are the terrors of the night.

VIII

AWAKE, arise, and greet the dawning day,
See, on the hills, the morning beams are shed ;
Wipe from your eyes the tears of grief away,
For lo, the Christ is risen, Who was dead.

Awake, arise, nor seek the empty tomb,
He is not there, Who died by cruel men ;
But, as the sun that rises from the gloom,
He hath arisen, nor sets in night again.

EASTER

Woeful the day when sin and death assailed,
Day died at noon, and hope despairing fled ;
Long was the night, but morning hath prevailed,
Sin is o'erthrown, and death itself is dead.

Awake, arise, and as the angel throng
Welcomed the Christ on earth, in weakness born,
Break into praise, and with triumphant song
Welcome the dawning of a fairer morn.

.

IX

CHRIST hath left the dismal tomb ;—
Glory, Glory, He is risen ;
Like a cloud hath passed the gloom,
As a dream, the prison.

From the Cross they bore Him there,
Torn and bleeding, and they wound Him
In soft linen white and fair,
And sweet fragrance round Him.

Christ hath left the dismal tomb ;—
Glory, glory, death is lying
In the everlasting gloom,
From the conflict dying.

And His weeping followers came
From their hiding, and they sought Him,
Whither loving hands, in shame,
Sad and sorrowing, brought Him.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Christ hath left the dismal tomb ;—
Glory, glory, He is risen ;
Death has heard the voice of doom
In the empty prison.

And they sought the living there ;
Weeping eyes, the morn is waking ;
With the light give wings to care,
Night and death forsaking.

x

Θανάτῳ θάνατον καθήσας

THE gate of life stands wide,
For Christ hath entered in ;
Now fearless mount the upward path,
Nor dread the power of sin ;
For sin and death are slain
By Him Who rose again.

'Twas on the Cross He died,
And death a victory won ;
Short-lived as night that flies before
The rising of the sun ;
For death by Christ was slain,
Who died to live again.

The might of sin prevailed,—
Its cruel hate and scorn ;
It drove the cruel spear and nails,
And crowned the Christ with thorn ;
The spear was broke in twain,
By Christ Who rose again.

EASTER

Up, mortals ! life is yours,
The prize is yours to win ;
For Christ hath vanquished by His might
The power of death and sin ;
For sin and death were slain,
By Christ Who rose again.

To Thee, O Christ, be praise,
Whose power decayeth never ;
To Father, and to Holy Ghost,
Be laud and glory ever ;
For death by Christ was slain,
Who died to live again.

XI

HAIL, rising morn ! for He hath risen ;
Hail light that gilds the eastern skies ;
For, from the bonds of darkest prison,
Thy first beams saw the Christ arise.

O merciful and gracious One !
The gates of hades Thou has rent ;
And by Thy rising, Christ the Son,
The souls were freed in bondage pent.

To-day the lips of Adam sing,
Eye hails the Christ of mankind born ;
And patriarchs and prophets bring
Their hymns to greet the wondrous morn.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

And Thine the glory, Thine the power,
By glowing hearts in praise expressed ;
For Thine the triumph of this hour
By which the sons of men are blessed.

XII

CROWN the Lord of glory,
Angels, crown your King ;
Saints, whose souls He ransomed,
Bring your offering ;
Let no voice be silent,
Laud and honour bring.

Crown the Lord of glory,—
Once He dwelt below,
Bore the cross of sorrow,
Drank the cup of woe ;
Now He reigns triumphant,
Let your praises flow.

Crown the Lord of glory ;—
On the earth He wore
Purple robe that mocked Him,
Thorns His brow that tore ;
Now His griefs are ended,
Praise Him evermore.

Crown the Lord of glory,
For His work is done ;

EASTER

Crown the King of angels,
God's eternal Son ;
In my life enthroned
Be Thy reign begun.

XIII

HAIL the morn, with gladness crowned ;
Morn of morns, O glad and glorious !
When the Lord of Life, renowned,
Brake the bands of death, victorious.

Hades gazed in dread surprise
As the light the darkness sundered,
Prisoners raised their weary eyes
Lit with hope, and mutely wondered.

Wounded was the Victor's brow,
Where the cruel thorns distressed it ;
But the conqueror's laurel now,
Winding, on His forehead rested.

Hail ! The Man from death arisen ;
Hail ! The Christ a victor glorious,
Thou hast broken hades' prison,
Jesus, Son of Man, victorious.

XIV

LIGHT more glorious than the sun
Dawns upon our fearful night,

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

And the longed-for day begun,
Pours its everlasting light ;
Christ is risen, with gladness then
Hail His rising, sons of men.

Women came at early gloom,
Sad at heart, and full of fears,
Bearing to the dismal tomb,
Spices, mingled with their tears ;
“ Wherefore weep ? ” the angel said,
“ Christ is risen from the dead.”

Lone disciples all amazed
Sought the place where He had lain,
And they knew not as they gazed,
That their Lord had risen again ;—
Mortals, hail the day begun,
Christ hath risen, our glorious Sun.

Mortals, lo ! the Christ hath risen,
God-man He, and Lord of life ;
Broken now is hades' prison,
Sin is wounded in the strife ;
Lo, we hail Thy rising, now,
Christ, the King immortal, Thou.

XV

Αἱ μυροφόροι γυναῖκες, ὀρθρον βαθέος

AT early dawn, with pious thought,
The holy women spices brought,—
For Christ their Lord, was dead ;—

EASTER

But lo ! the stone was rolled away :
" Where are the seals ? " they wondering say.
" The guard, where He was laid ? "

" Why with your ointments mix your tears ?
Why all this sighing, and these fears ? "

An angel near declares :
" There lies the stone that barred the tomb :
No longer now its solemn gloom
Your Lord and Master shares.

" Haste, haste, with joy the tidings tell,
The Lord hath vanquished death and hell,
For He, the death of death,
Hath burst asunder hades' prison,
And, first-born from the dead hath risen,
Even as afore He saith."

Honour to Thee, O Christ, we bring ;
Thy glorious rising now we sing,
Victorious is Thy strife ;
Our Hope, our Trust,—on Thee we call,—
Our Joy, our Strength, our God, our All,
And our Immortal Life.

XVI

GLORIOUS to our watching eyes,
On the blessed first of days,
See the radiant sun arise,
Clad in glowing garb of praise ;
And the angel's words have given
Hope to earth, and joy to heaven.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Ah, the darkness of the night ;
Ah, the sighing, and the pain ;
But the Rising of the Light,
Bids us dry our tears again ;
For our Light, ascending brings
Joy and healing in His wings.

He is risen, even as He said,—
Great the joy the vision gives ;
Tell the soul to gladness dead,
That the Lord Immortal lives ;
And the dead to hope shall spring
Heavenward, as on tireless wing.

XVII

Αναστάσεως ἡμέρα

From the Canon for Easter—

JOHN OF DAMASCUS

HAIL the Resurrection day,
Let the people shout for gladness ;
'Tis a Passover of joy,
Therefore banish every sadness ;
For, from death to endless life,
Christ our Lord His people bringeth ;
As from earth to heaven we rise,
Each his song of triumph singeth.

From our eyes the veil remove,
That we may, in light transcending,

EASTER

See the Risen Lord of Life,
Life to all in grace extending ;
Let our ears His voice perceive—
To its accents kind attending
We would hear " All hail " and sing,
Every voice in gladness blending.

Let the heavens above rejoice,
Earth unite with heaven in praising ;
All the world, and all therein,
Join in triumph, heavenward raising
All things visible unite
With invisible in singing,
For the Christ is risen indeed,
Everlasting gladness bringing.

XVIII

LIGHT is dawning 'mong the hills,—
Light of lights Thy beams display,
All the darkness chase away,
Light that dawned upon our ills.

Dark the day the Cross was raised
By the hands of cruel men ;
Great Thy load of sorrow then ;
Angel hosts were sore amazed.

Dark the world while in the tomb,
Lone in death, the Saviour lay,
Till the stone was rolled away,
And His Rising quelled the gloom.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Fadeless now, O Light of light,
Glory of the Father Thou,
Shine upon Thy people now,
Rise upon their darkest night.

XIX

AWAKE! the morn is here,
The long, dark night is past ;
The gladness and the light appear,
And beauty shines at last.

Awake! the morning sings,
The clouds have passed away ;
The rising sun triumphant brings
The long-expected day.

Awake! the Christ arose
The first faint dawn to greet ;
The smiling world in sweetness strews
Its flowers among His feet.

Awake, my soul, awake !
Arise on buoyant wings,
The sordid and the sin forsake,
And mount to better things.

Immortal Christ, all hail !
Thy power hath triumphed quite ;
Sin can no more our souls assail,
Nor death, nor grave, nor night.

EASTER

XX

MORN of beauty, joyous morn
Hails the Resurrection day,
All our fears are borne away,
Hope into our world is born.

See, the stone is rolled away,
Empty stands the silent tomb,
Death is dead, and gone the gloom
Where the risen Saviour lay.

Women bare the spices, sad,
In the early morning grey,
But they wiped their tears away,
For the angel made them glad.

Tell the tidings far abroad,
"He is risen even as He said,"
Life immortal from the dead
Is the gift of Christ our God.

Glory, glory evermore,
To the Christ Who died to save,
Wresting victory from the grave,—
To the Christ we now adore.

ASCENSION

I

OPEN wide the gate of heaven,
Let the glorious Victor in,

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

For to Him alone 'tis given,
Who hath quelled the boast of sin—
To ascend the azure height,
Girt with an all-conquering might.

Night and darkness flew before Him,
Sin and death before Him fell ;
Angel hosts in bliss, adore Him !
Who hath spoiled the depths of hell,
And ascends the azure height,
Girt with an all-conquering might.

Ah, the mocking and deriding,
Ah, the Cross on which He hung,
And the night, God's presence hiding,
While the darts of hell were flung,—
Now He mounts the azure height,
Girt with an all-conquering might.

Hail Him now, His task completed,
All He strove for man to win ;
Victor, Who the foe defeated—
Death, and hell, and vaunting sin,
For He mounts the azure height,
Girt with an all-conquering might.

Jesus, Lord of life undying !
From the throne where Thou art set,
Heed Thy followers who are sighing,
But can ne'er Thy love forget,
And beyond the azure height,
Raise them by Thy saving might,

ASCENSION

II

LORD, Thou art lifted very high
Above the clouds, and azure skies,
Yet Thou to every soul art nigh,
Whose trustful prayers to Thee arise.

Lord, let me know that distance ne'er
Can check the outflow of Thy grace ;
That they, Thy Blessed Name that fear,
May aye behold Thy loving face.

Nor time, nor space, can bar the way,
If I would mount to where Thou art ;
And Thou canst bow Thy heavens, and pay
A gracious visit to my heart.

Then lift me up, O Gracious Lord,—
Yea, come and bless me where I dwell;
And speak to me Thy blessed Word,
And all my loneliness dispel.

III

Idiomelic Stichera of The Ascension

WHEN the Christ, His mission ended,
To the mount of Olives went,
He from earth in power ascended,
Far above the firmament,

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Clouds His chariot, bright and glorious,
Bore Him far from human ken,
Who to heaven returned victorious,
Leaving gifts for sinful men.

“Lift your heads, ye gates supernal,”
Sang the choirs of angels bright,
“For He comes, the King eternal,
Crowned with majesty and might.”

Hear the prayer from earth ascending
From our hearts bereft and lorn ;
Let the Holy Ghost, descending,
Come to soothe our souls that mourn.

IV

Ἀρατε πύλας

LIFT up the gates,
The Lord of heaven appears ;
Thrust wide the doors,
The King of glory nears ;
The throne is His Whose arm of might
O'erthrew the tyrant in the fight.

Lift up the gates ;—
The gates of hades fell ;
Thrust wide the doors,
He burst the doors of hell,
And prisoners in the dark abode,
Exulting, hailed the Son of God.

ASCENSION

Lift up the gates,
No power His might can meet ;
Thrust wide the doors,
The foe is at His feet ;
The path is cleared, the prize is won,
Enter, Thou all-victorious Son.

Lift up the gates ;—
They come who welcome win ;
Thrust wide the doors,
And let His followers in ;
They come from toil and conflict long,
Ten thousand times ten thousand strong.

Lift up the gates ;—
Still valiant deeds are done ;
Thrust wide the doors,
For laurels yet are won ;
And when the victor sheathes his sword,
Receive the follower of his Lord.

V

HE Who made the earth His home,
Infant holy, 'Alleluia !
Now ascends the azure dome ;—
Praise Him, 'Alleluia !

Long on rugged ways He trod,
Footsore, weary, 'Alleluia !
Calling wanderers back to God ;—
Praise Him, 'Alleluia !

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Gone from earth; His wanderings o'er,
Toil is ended, 'Alleluia !
See Him upward, heavenward soar ;—
Praise Him, 'Alleluia !

He Who bare the Cross in woe,
Faint, and falling, 'Alleluia !
Seeks the path where sunbeams go ;—
Praise Him, 'Alleluia !

On the awful cross He hung,
Faint, and bleeding, 'Alleluia !
Death and hell their arrows flung ;—
Praise Him, 'Alleluia !

'Alleluia ! all is past,—
Death and dying, 'Alleluia !
Life immortal's won at last ;—
Praise Him, 'Alleluia !

'Alleluia ! all is ended,
All He came for, 'Alleluia !
And our Victor hath ascended ;—
Praise Him, 'Alleluia !

VI

BORNE on the wings of light,
Behold the Lord ascend,
Up to the portals bright
Where heavenly powers attend,
And fling the gates of glory wide,
While praises rise like flowing tide.

ASCENSION

Back to the Father's bliss
 From war and strife below ;
From toil and loneliness
 'Mid scenes of sin and woe ;
Loud plaudits hail the Victor now,
Who comes with triumph on His brow.

Lord, in the peace of heaven,
 Far from our toil and pain,
Think of the promise given,
 And come to us again ;
Remember Thou the toilsome road,
That brought Thee to Thy blest abode.

And see the toils we bear,
 And hear the prayers we send ;
In answer to our prayer
 Our needy souls befriend ;
We need not languish in the night,
Though heaven receive Thee from our sight.

O, Promised Spirit, come,
 And fill the empty place,
Till in our heavenly home
 We look upon His face,
Who fought with us in earthly strife,
And won for us immortal life.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

VII

BORNE on the clouds the Christ arose
To where the light celestial glows,
Till, farther than the eye could view,
He passed the heavenly portals through

Ended the weary life below,
The painful toil, the grief, the woe ;
The conflict of the cross is past,
And sin and death are slain at last.

Now list, the heavenly song begun
By hosts in garments like the sun ;
Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates !
The glorious King an entrance waits.

Ascended Christ ! in mercy yet,
Think of the hearts on Olivet,
And in Thy wondrous grace restore
Thy living presence gone before,

And let the Spirit's aid revive
Our waiting souls that faithful strive,
Till from our Olivet we soar,
To dwell with Thee for evermore.

PENTECOST

I

COME, Holy Ghost, in might,
And make our weakness strong ;
Renew our valour in the fight
Against the power of wrong.

PENTECOST

Come, Holy Ghost, restore
The zeal our lives have lost ;
And on our fainting spirits pour
The grace of Pentecost.

Come, Holy Ghost, in light,
Our hearts and minds to cheer,
And pierce the darkness of our night
Of ignorance and fear.

Come, Holy Ghost, in love,
Reveal the Love divine
That stooped to earth from heaven above,
In sympathy benign.

And while the ages run,
Our praise shall rise to Thee ;
And to the Father and the Son,
One God, eternally.

II

LIKE the beams that from the sun
Pierce the blackness of the night,
Come to us, O Promised One,
Spirit, Light.

Pure as saints that have attained,
Clad in brightness for attire,
Cleanse our souls by vileness stained,
Spirit, Fire.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Stronger than uplifted arm
In the tumult of the fight,
Shield our timid souls from harm,
Spirit, Might.

Soothing as the calm that falls
When the winds and billows cease,
Comfort us when fear appals,
Spirit, Peace.

Come, O Gracious Spirit, come,
We would have Thee for our guest ;
Make our souls Thy chosen home,
Spirit, Blest.

III

"Αγιος ἀθάνατος, τὸ παράκλητον Πνεῦμα

THE promise which the Saviour made
When His disciples sorrowed most,
That He would send to comfort them
The life-inspiring Holy Ghost,
Found its fulfilment when they met
Upon the hallowed Pentecost.

And ever through the linkèd years,
From then till now the Gift is sure ;
And they who sorrow for their sin,
Or trial's bitter pangs endure,
And they who mourn, and they who weep,
Find in the Gift a peace secure.

PENTECOST

Vainly we mourn our absent Lord,
If Thou, the Comforter be near ;
For it is Thine to take of His,
And make us feel that He is here ;
We still may joy when others grieve,
And hope when threatening clouds appear.

Come, Holy Ghost, with us reside,
Let Thy sweet presence fill our soul ;
And make us strong to fight and win ;
And all our wayward wills control ;
To give us comfort when we weep,
And bind our hearts, and make them whole.

IV

Δεῦτε λαοί, τὴν τρισυπόστατον Θεότητα προσκυνήσωμεν

COME, ye people, come, adore Him,
God in Holy Trinity ;
God the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Ever blessed Unity.

Thine the glory, God Almighty,
To the Son and Spirit given,
Ere upon the world's creation
Dawned the new-born light of heaven.

Holy, holy, we adore Thee,
One in power, in nature one ;

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

God the Father, God the Spirit,
God the Co-Eternal Son.

By the Son the wide creation
Rose where chaos held its sway ;
By the Spirit, God Almighty
Swept eternal night away.

Son, the Father's love revealing,
Son, through Whom the Spirit came,
Blessed Godhead ! endless glory
Be to Thine exalted name.

V

O HOLY SPIRIT, one in power,
With God Who reigns in highest heaven ;
Come to our waiting souls this hour,
And let Thy heavenly aid be given.

Our souls are dark, for sin is there ;
We strive, and find our striving vain ;
For night afflicts us everywhere,
And all is loss, and nought is gain.

But Thou art Light of radiant glow,
And Thou canst fill our souls with cheer ;
Come then, Thy glorious Gift bestow,
And with Thy presence bless us here.

Then, far from us shall night depart,—
Our sin, and sadness, doubt, and pain ;

PENTECOST

And comfort shall sustain the heart,
And peace our warring lusts restrain.

O, One with Christ, Thou Spirit blest,
As one with God Thou truly art ;
Great Triune ! be Thy power confest,
And Thou enthroned in every heart.

VI

THOU Spirit of Almighty God,
Of Whom the Christ in promise spoke,
When sorrow cast its gloom abroad,
And throbbing hearts the stillness broke ;
They know Thy power who sorrow most,
Come then to soothe, O Holy Ghost.

Thou cam'st to fill the vacant place,
Lest heedless souls should Christ forget,
To show His deeds and words of grace,
When He had risen from Olivet ;
To close the links by parting riven,
And bind their souls to His, in heaven.

Thy power is in the souls of men
To burn their dross with heavenly flame,
To rouse the faint to life again,
The erring from their ways reclaim ;
Thy calm the troubled soul pervades,
And night before Thy rising fades.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Almighty God, Thou Holy Ghost,
Our hearts refresh, our souls inspire ;
Come as Thou cam'st at Pentecost,
As rending wind, or tongues of fire ;
And when our lips are moved to praise,
Thy grace shall be their theme always.

VII

O HOLY GHOST, Thou Lord of Light,
Remove our ignorance, we pray,
And shine upon the 'wilderer night,
That leads our darkened souls astray.

O Holy Ghost, convince of sin,
And in our blindness let us see
The fleshly power that lurks within,
The loves that turn our hearts from Thee.

O Holy Ghost, Thou Lord of Life,
Revive our souls with needed strength,
That we may stand amid earth's strife,
And win the victory at length.

O Holy Ghost, Thy comfort bring,
That, when the heart with sorrow sighs,
Our lips the praise of Christ may sing,
And tears no longer cloud our eyes.

O Holy Ghost, our faith renew,
Our doubting minds with hope inspire ;
And may Thy love our hate subdue,
And warm our souls with heavenly fire.

FAITH AND PENITENCE

I

AH, the trembling of that day,
Ah, the terror, and the dread ;
When the heavens are rolled away,
And the Judge of quick and dead
In the Judgement shall not fail ;—
Who shall not his sin bewail ?

Spare me, Lord, Thy creature spare,
When to Judgement I am borne ;
I have sinned, but, Lord forbear,
Every sin I humbly mourn ;
Thou alone art sinless ! Save :
Grant the mercy that I crave.

Yea, my tears refuse to flow,
True repentance I have none ;—
Were I contrite, I should know
All the evil I have done ;
In my blindness mercy give,
Speak the word and I shall live.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

II

I CANNOT lift mine eyes,
For O, my sin is great,—
High as the hills that rise
Up, up to heaven's gate ;—
I cannot lift mine eyes,
So great my sin, so great.

But I would smite my breast,
And bow me at the Cross ;
And well He knows the rest,
My sense of shame, and loss ;
Yea, I would smite my breast,
And bow me at His Cross.

Mayhap when I have told
The burden of my sin,
He'll make my spirit bold,
And speak, and soothe, and win ;—
All this when I have told
The burden of my sin.

Then shall I lift mine eyes,
And see the sin removed,
And in the cloudless skies
Behold the Well-Beloved ;—
Then shall I lift mine eyes,
And see my sin removed.

FAITH AND PENITENCE

III

MY heart was sad because of sin,
And lo, the night came down,
And dark without, and dark within
I shrank before Thy frown ;
Now pity, Lord, my woeful state,
And save me in Thy mercy great.

I lift mine eyes to where the Christ
My awful burden bore,
And see the offering that sufficed,—
His stripes and anguish sore ;
The riven side, the thorny crown,
The wounds from which His blood flowed down.

O Love no loving heart e'er gave !
Like light from heaven it flows ;
And now for Him Who died to save,
My love responsive glows ;
And joy resounds my heart within,
That once was sad because of sin.

IV

O, I HAVE wandered far,
Good Lord Thou knowest well
The heights of pride my feet have trod,
The awful depths of hell ;
Now sore at heart, and sick of sin,
O Lord in mercy take me in.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

I thought when shone the day
The light would cloudless last,
That stars would shine when darkness fell,
And morn when night was past ;
But foolish hopes were quenched soon,
And starless night came on at noon.

But I have found Thy gate,
All footsore and distressed,
And lo, I stand and boldly knock,
For fain I'd be at rest ;
Good Lord, in mercy take me in,
All sore at heart and sick of sin.

V

LORD, I have strayed afar
And I can find no rest ;
Above, no guiding star,
No hope within my breast,
But night within and night without,
And anxious fear and gloomy doubt.

O, parched the desert land,
And drear the lonely wild.
O, that some loving hand
Would save a wandering child,
Who cast a Father's love aside,
And left his home in sinful pride.

FAITH AND PENITENCE

Yea, I have heard the name
Of One Whose heart is kind ;
Upon my night it came
As perfume on the wind ;
It fills my soul, with trouble toss'd :
The name of One Who seeks the lost.

O, that His love would come
To where I mourn distressed,
And take a wanderer home
To be for ever blest,
Where I might see the Father's face,
Nor ever wander from His grace.

O Jesus Christ, to Thee
My mournful prayer I send :
Thy name can succour me,
O Thou, the sinner's Friend ;
Incline my wayward heart, I pray,
That I no more from home may stray.

VI

O JESUS, Lord of mercy great,
Look down upon my woeful state
And, as my soul repentance brings,
Forgive my sinful wanderings.

O Jesus, Lord, surpassing kind,
For this Thou cam'st, the lost to find ;
To Thee I cry, O Lord attend,
I claim Thy help,—Thou art my Friend.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Didst Thou not leave Thy home above?
Didst Thou not die to tell Thy love?
Yea, Lord, and love so great shall bless
The sinner in his helplessness.

I lift mine eyes—O Lord of grace,
I hear Thy voice, I see Thy face;
I clasp Thy wounded hand in mine,
And trust my soul to Love divine.

VII

I LIFT my hands, and with my heart
My prayer ascends to Thee;
In mercy take a sinner's part;
Lord, send Thy help to me.

Lo, in the mire of sin I lie,
My raiment all defiled;
O come, and set me up on high,
And save Thy fallen child.

I cannot cleanse the filthy stains,—
I can but mourn and sigh;
For all I do, the guilt remains,
I fail oft as I try.

In mercy, Lord, Thy mercy send,
For merciful art Thou;
And prove Thyself the sinner's Friend;—
O, come and help me now.

FAITH AND PENITENCE

And let my life be ordered quite,
As Thou wouldst have it be ;
When I am wrong, then set me right ;—
Lord, come and succour me.

And hold me up, lest to the mire
Of sin my soul return ;
Let Thy pure love my spirit fire,
And base affection burn.

VIII

Now with my weeping would I cleanse my soul,
And with my grief would shame my sin away ;
But tears no virtue have to make me whole,
Nor sorrow power to end sin's hateful sway.

But yet the heart in sore distress that sighs,
Looks to the Christ His succour to impart ;
And God receives the pleasing sacrifice,
A broken spirit, and a contrite heart.

Nailed to the Cross I see my Saviour bleed ;
This is the sacrifice my soul requires,
Here is the cleansing, and the strength I need,
To quell the rising of my vain desires.

Speak to my heart, O Jesus Christ Who came
Fired by Thy love, an offering for sin ;
And by a love enkindled at that flame,
Win me for ever from the self within.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

IX

I WILL arise and seek Thy face,
For I have wandered far from Thee ;
O Blessed Lord, extend Thy grace,
And in Thy mercy pity me.

Thou knowest my wanderings in the wild,
The longings of my soul that burn ;
Wilt Thou not seek Thy erring child,
Who fain from waywardness would turn ?

Thou knowest the paths my feet have trod,
And Thou alone canst bring me back ;
My hungering soul cries out to God,
Within Whose home there is no lack.

O Jesus, Shepherd of my soul,
Didst Thou not come to seek and find ?
To lead the lost by wise control,
And tend with love surpassing kind ?

I will arise and seek Thy face ;
Yea, Lord, arise and seek Thou me,
And bring me in Thy plenteous grace,
Where I shall safely dwell with Thee.

X

FORGIVE me, Lord, my wayward will,
My selfish, worldly thought ;
Incline me to abhor the ill,
And choose the things I ought.

FAITH AND PENITENCE

It is not in my power to choose
And seek the better part ;
I fear the things of earth to lose,
And bind them to my heart.

O Gracious Christ, to me reveal
The riches that are sure ;
And I shall shun the base, unreal,
And grasp what shall endure.

Yea, with Thyself enrich my heart,
And make Thy will mine own ;
Then I shall have the better part,
And joy in Thee alone.

XI

Καὶ κλαύσωμεν, καὶ πράξωμεν

I HAVE no tears to shed,
For grief my soul hath none ;
My heart hath never bled
For aught of ill I've done ;
I weep not when I hear Thee say
That sin hath carried me away.

I have no tears to shed ;
Wilt Thou not touch my heart,
And bid sin's wounds run red,
And throb with bitter smart ?
Then shall I lift my prayer, and say,
"Lord take my many sins away."

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

For Thou, O Lord, dost will
That all should seek Thy face,
That Thou mayest well fulfil
The promise of Thy grace.—
Who ever sought Thy love in vain,
Or failed Thy pardon to obtain?

XII

Πατήρ οἰκτιρμῶν

HAVE pity, Lord, for Thou art great,
And greatness pity knows ;
I mourn my poor and worthless state,
With all its wants and woes.

Have pity, Lord, for Thou art great ;—
I would from sin be free,
And seek Thy face, 'though coming late,
For Thou wilt welcome me.

Have pity, Lord, for Thou art great,
And give me strength to win,
That I may gain the heavenly gate
And freely enter in.

Have pity, Lord, for Thou art Love,
And by Thy grace alone,
I hope in Thy pure house above
To serve before Thy throne.

FAITH AND PENITENCE

XIII

Ἐξαγορεύσω κατ' ἐμοῦ τὴν ἀνομίαν μου τῷ Κυρίῳ

MY sin was very great,
Its burden bore me down ;
I dared not lift my eyes to God,
So much I feared His frown ;
And sore my conscience smote,
And all was sad within,
For I had turned away from God
Who loved me in my sin.

I said " I'll tell it all,
The sin, the grief, the pain,
Mayhap He'll pardon my offence,
And take me back again."
And then my heart was glad,
To think it might be done,
If I but cast myself upon
The merits of His Son.

I said " Ah, God, receive
The sacrifice I bring,—
A broken and a contrite heart,
That is my offering ;
And for His sake Who came
To bear the Cross of pain,
Forgive the error of my life,
And take me back again."

'Twas then the heart of love
That I had wounded sore,
In loving accents spake to me,
And bade me sin no more ;

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

And spake the word of grace
That made my spirit whole ;
And now the pain and grief are gone,
For gladness fills my soul.

XIV

O, TOUCH my heart, and bring to mind
The sin I should deplore :
And give me grace, Thou God most kind,
That I may sin no more.

O, touch my heart till tears run fast,
In penitence sincere ;
And may the memories of the past
Teach me to walk in fear.

For I have strayed, and Thou hast sought,
And I have strayed again ;
O, may the wanderer Thou hast brought,
Within the fold remain.

O, touch my heart, till love arise,
And claim me for Thine own ;
Then shall I learn with sweet surprise
That I am Thine alone.

For love knows no divided heart,
Nor grudges service given ;
But gives the life in every part,
And serves in earth and heaven.

FAITH AND PENITENCE

XV

- O JESUS, Trust of needy souls,
A Saviour from their sins, confessed ;
Thy pardoning love our fear controls,
And we are blest.

Thou art our Joy in sorrow's day,
To fill with cheer when sore distressed,
To wipe the tears of grief away,—
And we are blest.

A Peace to still the troubled life,
To soothe the mind, and give it rest ;
Our refuge in the midst of strife ;—
And we are blest.

Our Hope, when earthly hopes have fled,
And, lost in night, we sink oppressed ;
Our shield, and Lifter of our head,—
And we are blest.

O Jesus Christ, our Trust and Joy,
The Peace, and Hope in which we rest ;
Be Thou for song our soul's employ,
And we are blest.

XVI

TEACH me Thy gracious will,
O Jesus, Lord, I pray,
And make me ready to respond
From day to day.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Thou hadst no will but one,
The will Thy God imposed ;
Teach me, O Lord, to rest my soul
Where Thine reposed.

Then life with all its ills
Will be no task to bear,
For what is best Thy hand will give,
And soothe my care.

I am not wise nor good,
I must not risk to choose ;
I grasp the thing my heart desires ;
The best, I lose.

So let Thy will be mine,
That I may quietly rest ;
For, what Thy love and wisdom plan,
Must aye be best.

XVII

THIS be our prayer, O Saviour of our souls,
When night is dark, and muttering thunder rolls,
For none but Thee the power of hell controls,—
Have mercy, Lord.

There is no help, if Thou no help wilt bring,
No heavenly messenger on speedy wing ;
Hope gilds the morn, if to Thy Cross we cling,—
Have mercy, Lord.

FAITH AND PENITENCE

Woeful the threats that flash from Sinai's hill ;
Dark are the fears our guilty souls that fill ;
Help we have none,—O then of Thy sweet will,
Have mercy, Lord.

Strong is the arm that in our cause was raised ;—
Christ, be Thy name to endless ages praised,
Who at the hands of sinners was abased ;—
Have mercy, Lord.

Doomed to our death, the God-man bowed the head ;
Pierced for our sins, upon the Cross He bled ;
Life is His gift Who liveth, and was dead ;—
Have mercy, Lord.

Life, and to live amid the bliss beyond,
Where souls beloved to loving souls respond,
Free from all bondage in Thy gentle bond ;—
Have mercy, Lord.

XVIII

I LIFT my heart to Thee,
And with my heart, my love ;
O Christ, remember me,
In Thy fair home above ;
And take the gift my offering gives,
A heart that loves Thee while it lives.

I lift my heart to Thee,
No meaner gift be mine,

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

For Thou didst give to me
That loving heart of Thine ;
Yea, love to love responsive glows,
The gift I give Thy love bestows.

I lift my heart to Thee,—
Then I am all Thine own,
To give Thee service free,
And live for Thee alone,—
My will to bend to Thine always,
My life to serve Thee every day.

XIX

O GOD of light, when morn awakes,
And tipped with gold the hills appear,
My voice, attuned, the silence breaks
With heart-borne praise, for Thou art near.

When clouds like curtains drape the sky,
And threatening fills my soul with fear ;
As from the rifts the arrows fly
My praise ascends, for Thou art near.

Yea, when the night all unrelieved,
In ebon blackness rules the sphere,
Up, then, my soul ! all undeceived
Thy praises tell, for God is near.

O God of Light, in weal or woe,
By day and night, in hope and fear,
From heart attuned my song shall flow
In praise of Thee, for Thou art near.

FAITH AND PENITENCE

XX

LORD of the hills, where earliest dawn appears,
Ere earth and sky the rule of night disown ;
Where rise in bright array the gilded spears
That thrust the ebon monarch from his throne ;
Lord of the hills ! Who art the Lord of Light,
When morning dawns, dispel my inward night.

Lord of the hills, where massive strength abides,
From age to age, broad based, and towering high ;
Where thunders roll, and livid lightning glides,
And storms descend from cloud-enmantled sky ;
Lord of the hills ! Who art the Lord of Strength,
Frail, I would find my power in Thee at length.

Lord of the hills, where hope aspiring wings
Her course to heaven, from peaks that heavenward
rise,
Looks down in wonder on the clouds, and sings
Of cloudless realms beyond the farthest skies ;
Lord of the hills ! with hope my soul inspire,
To leave my earth - bound hopes, and mount to
higher.

Lord of the hills ! O Christ, Thou art my Light,
My darkened soul like morning to illumine ;
Lord of the hills ! O Christ, Thou art my might,
To vanquish death, and triumph o'er the tomb ;
Lord of the hills ! my hope when sore distressed,
My soul looks up to Thee, and finds her rest.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

XXI

THOU art my Hope, O Christ my Lord,
Inspiring, bright, and full of cheer ;
Clouds deck themselves with silver sheen
And gloom departs when Thou art near.

No burden rests to crush my soul,
For Thou art wings wherewith to rise ;
And from the care of life I soar
To realms of peace, with cloudless skies.

When backward on my path of life
I cast my vision with alarm,
Where spectres grim my footsteps dog,
With one intent,—to do me harm.

I lift mine eyes to where Thou art,
O Christ my Hope, and lo ! Thy cheer,
Comes like the morning to my soul,
To scatter dread, and banish fear.

For to Thy Cross my sins are nailed,
And from Thy tomb I deathless rise,
Borne on the wings of living hope
Inspired by Thy great Sacrifice.

Thou art my Hope, O Christ my Lord,
In life, in death, to ages long ;
And when her Hope my soul hath won,
Thou, Christ, shalt be my endless song.

FAITH AND PENITENCE

XXII

THOU art my strength, O God my Lord,
Weak is my arm, and faint my heart ;
Thou dost inspire me by Thy word,
And to my life Thy power impart.

The might of evil bars the way,
And towering ramparts threatening frown ;
Then sinks my heart in sore dismay,
Then fall my arms in weakness down.

Shorn of my strength I lift my cry,
But God in pity hears my plaint ;
And lo, the promised help is nigh,—
His power is given to the faint.

This I have found, Thou dost not fail ;
No pleading eye looks up in vain ;
Though weak my arm, I must prevail,
If Thou, O Lord, my strength remain.

XXIII

ASK, and thy prayer with arrow's speed
Shall bear to God thy present need ;
And for thy help from heaven shall bring
Love's best, and gracious offering.

Seek, and the grace of God most kind
Thy needy soul shall surely find ;
Light shall break forth, and treasures rare
Shall sparkle round thee, everywhere.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Knock, and the gate of God shall spring
Wide, for thy soul's free entering,
And in the bliss by pilgrims shared,
Thou shalt receive a place prepared.

Rest in thy God, in quietness rest,
He is thy Friend, He loves thee best ;
Heaven has a store, its wealth endures,
Faith in thy God His grace secures.

XXIV

O CHRIST, Thou art my King,
Thy cause I make mine own,
All that I have I bring,
To lay before Thy throne ;
The oath of fealty now I take,
To live and suffer for Thy sake.

Less could no loyal soul
In true devotion gift ;—
My sacrifice the whole,
Not part to Thee I lift :—
Lord, at Thy kingly throne I bow,
Receive my heart's devotion now.

Thou didst not count the cost,
O Christ my heavenly king,
When Thou didst save the lost
By Thy great offering ;
Thou laid'st Thine ageless glory by,
And cam'st to earth for man to die.

FAITH AND PENITENCE

O Christ, Thou art my King,—
Thy kingdom come, I pray,
Till endless praise shall ring
Throughout an endless day,
And tribute fill the courts of heaven
By loyal hearts in fealty given.

XXV

O GOD, in mercy hear,
I lift my cry to Thee ;
And let Thy gracious help be sent,
In my perplexity ;
But Thou art far away,
And I am filled with shame,
I cannot see Thy blessed face,
And fear to name Thy name.

And now, a sense of guilt
Inspires me with dismay ;
I know that none on earth can take
That grievous load away ;
'Tis mine the sin, 'tis mine,
And mine the guilt to bear,
The awful burden of the blame,
The cloud of dark despair.

Is there no balm to heal ?
No pity that can bless ?
O God, Who art so far away,
Come near to my distress ;

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

And heed the tears I shed,
And hear my woeful cry,
And since there is no hand to help,
Come Thou in mercy nigh.

'Twas then a voice I heard,
It came in winning tone,
Across my night, from far away,
To where I prayed alone ;
It told me of a love,
That sought me long ago,
And on the Cross my burden bore,
Of sin, and guilt, and woe.

O blessed Cross of Christ !
Thou hast my need supplied ;
For, there upon thine outstretched arms,
I see the Crucified ;
And He has sin to bear,
That none can call His own ;
O, Christ, the sin and guilt Thou bar'st,
Are mine, are mine alone.

XXVI

It is not lost what I have given
To Him Who gave Himself for me ;
I have an offering in heaven,
And I am rich in poverty.

The empty heart in sorrow pines,
And darkness blinds my tear-filled eyes ;

FAITH AND PENITENCE

But round my soul the light entwines
That tells me that the morn shall rise.

I have not lost what I have given ;
Yea, Lord, but well Thou knowest the pain,
When gladness from the heart is driven,
And threatening clouds succeed the rain.

But by the grievous pain of loss,
Thy soul was filled with bliss untold ;
And from the offering of the Cross,
More wealth was Thine than purest gold.

It is not lost what I have given
To Him Who gave Himself for me ;
The gift awaits my soul in heaven,
Mine own to all eternity.

XXVII

O LORD of life, when mortals call,
And freedom seek from earthly thrall,
Hear Thou in heaven, and save us all,
In mercy, Lord.

O Full of Mercy ! when we groan,
Because of sin our spirits own,
Hear, Who for sinners did atone,
In mercy, Lord.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

O Full of Pity ! when we bear
To Thy blest feet our carking care,
Take of our weary load a share,
In mercy, Lord.

O Full of Grace ! when sufferers tell
The grief Thou knowest, Lord, so well,
Come, with the broken-hearted dwell,
In mercy, Lord.

When lured by hope our spirits rise,
To where Thou beckon'st from the skies,
Then be eternal life the prize,
In mercy, Lord.

XXVIII

Φῶς ἐκ φωτός

O LIGHT of lights ! when other light is fading,
Then in my soul with heavenly brightness shine ;
Let there be light ! the night and fear upbraiding,
Speak Thou the word and send the Light divine.

O Joy of joys ! when other joy is sighing,
Sing to my soul and bid its sadness flee ;
And when the songs my bitter tears are drying,
Come with Thy gladness, and rejoice with me.

O Love of loves ! When other love is dying,
And hearts grow cold, and eyes that lured me
frown,

FAITH AND PENITENCE

Come to my heart, thou Love, all hate defying,
Full of all pity to our world come down.

O Bliss of bliss ! when earth with all its treasures
Shrinks from my grasp, and leaves me poor and
sad ;

May I with Christ fill up my empty measures,
And in His presence reap the hopes I had.

XXIX

I MUSED within my heart,
Sin-stricken and forlorn ;
I felt the cruel dart,
By which my heart was torn.

I longed to tell my grief,
Where I could well confide ;
But ah, no calm relief
Came to my wounded pride.

I heard a knock without :
A voice in kindness spake,
That banished all my doubt,
And bade my hope awake.

I drew the bolt aside,
Forthwith my Lord came in,
He spake not to deride,
Nor looked to shame my sin.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

But at my humble board,
He sat and supped with me,
So gracious is my Lord,
And full of sympathy.

Lord, on Thy lonesome way,
Ne'er pass my humble door,
Come in and sup, I pray,
As Thou didst heretofore.

XXX

"HAVE faith in God," the Master said ;—
Lord give me faith that I may rest,
In calm content, my weary head
Upon His breast.

A faith like Thine, strong, brave, and sure,
Not weak, nor easily dismayed ;
That through all trials shall endure,
Aye unafraid.

Then shall I cleave through clouds of doubt,
And pass from darkness into day ;
Put all the muttering hosts to rout,
That crowd my way.

And I shall make my heart's request,—
Even mountains shall not bar my way ;
O God, Thou'lt give whate'er is best,
Nor long delay.

THE GREAT COLLECT

Ὑπὲρ τῆς ἀνωθεν εἰρήνης καὶ τῆς σωτηρίας τῶν ψυχῶν
ἡμῶν, τοῦ Κυρίου δεηθῶμεν

Ἐκτένη or Great Collect

O LORD of peace, in mercy hear,
The prayer of those Thy name that fear,
And bring Thy great Salvation near ;
Have mercy, Lord.

May peace within our world reside ;
Thy Church her cause to Thee confide,
And all, as one, in Thee abide ;

Here let Thy people Thee revere ;
In faith, and piety draw near,
And worship Thee in holy fear ;

Thy priests within this holy place.
Dispense the bounties of Thy grace,
As those who serve before Thy face.

Our Sovereign Lord with wisdom dress,
With hands unstained his council bless ;
Upbuild his throne in righteousness.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

In time of war, with strength endue,
Our hearts possess with courage true ;
Our foes against the right subdue.

May earth her flowers and blossoms yield ;
May fruits encrown the harvest field ;
From waste, and want, Thy people shield.

The sailor on the restless deep,
The homeless in their wandering, keep ;
The suffering soothe with kindly sleep.

Keep Thou our souls, O God, from harm,
From wrath, and danger, and alarm,
Safe in Thy strong, encircling arm.
Have mercy, Lord.

Κύριε ἐλέησον, ἀντιλαβοῦ, σῶσον, ἐλέησον καὶ
διαφύλαξον ἡμᾶς

Litany of the Deacon

LORD, let our evening prayer ascend,
Thy servants by Thy grace defend,
Save, guard, and keep us to the end ;
Have mercy, Lord.

When in the night our eyelids close,
Lord, may our souls in Thee repose,
Safe from the danger of their foes ;
Grant this, O Lord.

THE GREAT COLLECT

Thy angel, peace, with us abide,
Nor ever leave Thy servants' side,
Our souls to guard, our steps to guide.
Grant this, O Lord.

Lord, let the sins—our souls' distress,
Which we in penitence confess—
Be pardoned in Thy faithfulness.

Our souls in Thee, O Lord, are blest ;
Send what Thou knowest to be best ;
We would not crave Thee for the rest.

Our time remaining, Lord, control ;
Our sin, like clouds, far from us roll,
And give Thy peace within our soul.

And when we leave the world behind,
May we, unshamed and fearless, find
The Christ, our Judge, surpassing kind.
Grant this, O Lord.

TRANSFIGURATION

WHEN glory crowned the mountain top.
And Christ was decked in garments fair,
The prophets of the Lord appeared,
And talked with the Redeemer there.

“ Let us make this our dwelling place,”
'Twas thus His followers made request ;

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

“For it is good to linger here,
And they who dwell with Thee are blest.”

Then from a cloud a voice was heard,
While each in terror held his breath,—
“This is My well-beloved Son,
Hear ye what the Beloved saith.”

O Jesus, when Thy glory gilds
The mount of God on which we meet,
May we the voice from heaven discern,
And bow expectant at Thy feet.

COMMUNION

I

LET Thy blood in mercy poured,
Let Thy gracious body broken,
Be to me, O gracious Lord,
Of Thy boundless love the token ;
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

Thou didst die that I might live ;—
Blessed Lord, Thou cam'st to save me ;
All that love of God could give,
Jesus by His sorrows gave me ;—
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

COMMUNION

By the thorns that crowned Thy brow,
By the spear-wound and the nailing ;
By the pain and death, I now
Claim, O Christ, Thy love unfailing ;
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

Wilt Thou own the gift I bring ?
All my penitence I give Thee ;
Thou art my exalted King,
Of Thy matchless love forgive me ;—
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

II

From the Office of Holy Communion

O JESUS Christ, my soul contains
The sweetness of Thy love,
And all its pleasure now obtains
From springs that rise above.

And Thou hast changed my thought of Thee,
And all my heart's desire ;
Now make my soul from vileness free
By love's consuming fire.

But how can I, where saints are met,
Make bold to enter in ?
I cannot all the past forget
Of wilfulness and sin.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

With garments rent, and vile with sin,
Behold me, clothed in shame ;
Wilt Thou, O Bridegroom, me attire
That I may bless Thy name ?

O Jesus, Who hast filled my soul
With sweetness, let me wear
The wedding robe, all pure and whole,
Where Thy redeemed appear.

III

Σιγησάτω πᾶσα σὰρξ βροτεία

From the Liturgy of St. James

LET all human flesh be silent,
Stand in awe and holy fear,
Cast all earthly thought behind it,
For the King of heaven is near.

Lo, He cometh, King Eternal,
Christ our God, He comes to die ;
And His flesh as food He giveth,
To the Faithful who draw nigh.

Hosts angelic go before Him,
Decked in dazzling pomp of state,
Cherub, seraph, winged and watchful,
Heavenly Prince, and Potentate.

And they bow in lowly worship
'Neath the covering of their wings,
While they chant thrice 'Alleluia,
To the mighty King of kings.

COMMUNION

IV

Χιτῶνά μοι παράσχου φωτεινόν

GOD, Thou art clothed with light,
As with a garment fair ;
And, in Thy holy sight,
The saints Thy beauty wear ;
The heavens, and all therein, express
The glory of Thy holiness.

Give me a robe of light
That I may walk with Thee ;
Bright as the stars are bright,
Pure as their purity ;
Whose texture sin shall never stain,
But undefiled for aye remain.

But can a sinner dare,
In rags, and sore ashamed,
Lift to his God the prayer
Which now my lips have framed,
While glowing seraphs fold their wings,
And pour their sinless offerings ?

O Christ, I lift mine eyes ;
Thy love for me I own ;
In Thy great sacrifice
Abides my hope alone ;
The robe is mine, my soul to dress,
Of everlasting righteousness.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

V

O LOVE divine, my spirit sighs
To dwell with Thee and share Thy love ;
But Thou art far beyond the skies,
And with the Father dwell'st above.

My lovelorn soul would break the ties
That bind to earth, and earthly things,
And as the eagle upward flies,
Would mount to Thee on soaring wings.

O Love divine, wilt Thou come down,
And make Thy dwelling place with me ?
My empty heart would be Thy home,
And all my life would cling to Thee.

Thou knowest the path that leads to earth,
For Thou didst sojourn once with men ;
Thou didst not scorn the lowly birth,
Nor yet our humble dwelling then.

'Twas love that brought Thee then, and now
Thy love retains its fervent glow ;
O Lord, Thy heavens in mercy bow,
And seek my longing soul below.

Come Thou, O Gracious Love divine,
With all Thy heavenly ardour come,
And fill this lovelorn heart of mine,
And make it Thy abiding home.

COMMUNION

VI

REST of the weary heart,
Soothing and calm ;
Love to the wounded heart,
Healing and balm ;
Jesus, how sweet Thou art !
Rest to the weary heart.

Peace to the troubled mind :
Tempests are still ;
Light to the doubting mind,
Teaching Thy will ;
Jesus, Thou art most kind !
Peace to the troubled mind.

Joy to the pilgrim heart,
Song by the way ;
Guide to the seeking heart,
Fearful to stray ;
Jesus, how good Thou art !
Joy to the pilgrim heart.

Dower of the needy soul,
Brother and Friend ;
Heaven of the trusting soul,
Life without end ;
Jesus, my all control,
Dower of the needy soul.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

VII

I HAVE a thought that fills my mind,
And fires my heart with fond desire ;
That speaks in accents soft and kind,
And lifts my soul to regions higher.

It comes in silence as the light,
And as the light, in silence grows ;
It fills my soul with radiance bright,
And o'er my life its beauty throws.

It finds expression day by day,
In words that cheer, and deeds that aid,
It makes me ready to obey,
And bear the tasks upon me laid.

I have a thought that fills my mind ;
Ah, wouldst thou know its hidden spring ?
No peering eye its source can find,
No ear perceive its whispering.

It springs from love, from love divine ;—
O Christ, it is a thought of Thee,
And all the love that made me Thine,
Awakes this thought of love in me.

OFFICE FOR BURIAL

I

HOME at last, thy journey ended,
Weary pilgrim, take thy rest,
Safe from all thy ills defended
In the City of the blest.

OFFICE FOR BURIAL

Now, no more, the sun shall smite thee,
Clouds no more thy soul affright,
For the Christ Himself shall light thee,
And in heaven there is no night.

Safe from harm, no foes await thee,
Trimming darts to wound thee sore ;
And the snares of those that hate thee,
Lie not on thy pathway more.

Doubts distressing, fears deriding,
Trials, sorrows, all are o'er ;
Hope rejoicing, trust confiding,
These thy guerdon evermore.

Pilgrim, rest, from ill defended,
Strife and striving now are past ;
Sheathe thy sword, the war is ended,
Thine the victory,—home at last !

II

Κύριε, ἀνάπαυσον τὸ νήπιον

From the Office of the Burial of a Child

LORD, rest the child, cut off at morning hour ;
Crushed as a bud before it came to flower ;
Gone as a star that lent its feeble ray,
Ere yet the morn had brightened into day.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Lord, rest the child. No bliss on earth was thine ;
Drink now the pleasures of the life divine ;
Here streams that gladden, when the sun is high,
Shrink in their channels 'neath a burning sky.

Lord, rest the child. Within the heavenly place,
Thine angel ever sees the Father's face ;
Thine is the kingdom, and to claim His own,
Christ left the glory of a kingly throne.

Lord, rest the child. We will not weep for thee,
Death is not death to those with Christ that be ;
Mourn we with weeping, that the sin is ours,
To blight the beauty of earth's fairest flowers.

STILLING THE TEMPEST

I

DARK billows bound across the deep,
And threatening clouds the stars conceal,
While lightnings flash, and thunders peal,
And fearful souls their vigils keep.

O Christ, Thy voice can still the waves
That toss my soul on angry sea ;
The tempest ceased on Galilee,
And Thine is still the power that saves.

And Thou art still the Christ Who guides
The life that ploughs through storm and strife,
And all the battling ills of life,
To where thy endless peace abides.

STILLING THE TEMPEST

O Gracious Lord, keep calm my soul ;
And on my course where tempests break,
And bounding waves my life o'ertake,
The winds and threatening waves control.

And in Thy fair, calm haven, blest,
Where storm-tossed lives in quiet repose,
Far from the rage of angry foes,
Give me, O Christ, eternal rest.

II

NIGHT, and a storm, and hearts with sore affright,
Quail in their fears before the tempest's might.

Blindly the waves with crested summits roll ;
The thunders crash, and terrify the soul.

Calmly He sleeps ; O Christ, art Thou not Lord ?
Speak to the winds, and let them hear Thy word.

Thou hast a power to quell the surging sea,
The waters know Thy voice at Galilee.

Wake from Thy sleep ! How can the Master sleep,
While danger threatens from the frenzied deep ?

Tempest, and strife, and angry waves are still ;
The waters hear Thy voice, and do Thy will.

Lord of our life, wake to our help, we pray,
And still the storm that compass our life's way.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

THE NEW YEAR

All-embracing as the Greek service books are, curiously enough they contain, strictly speaking, no Thanksgiving services. It has been left for the Russian Church to make them for the Greeks to imitate.

The models of the Ektene and Litanies are found in the Euchologion, at vespers, but adaptations of their petitions to every eventuality in human life, are the work of Russians, whose names, however, have not been preserved. Here is an example from the Thanksgiving service for the New Year.

LORD, let us feel that Thou art near,
And while we pray, in mercy hear ;
Crown with Thy love the opening year ;—
Have mercy, Lord.

Of Thy benignity, we pray,
Thy gracious Spirit grant alway,
Our strife and discord to allay ;—
Have mercy, Lord.

May peace our inmost soul possess,
And in our lives our converse bless,
With unaffected kindliness ;—
Have mercy, Lord.

Our sinful past we here repent,
With tears our wayward course lament,
Now, let Thy pardoning grace be sent ;—
Have mercy, Lord.

THE NEW YEAR

As seasons come, Good Lord, ordain
That we the fruits of earth obtain,
Send us the sunshine and the rain ;—
Have mercy, Lord.

With strength Thy Holy Church endue,
The anger of her foes subdue,
The offerings of Thy grace renew ;—
Have mercy, Lord.

MISCELLANEOUS

I

O JESUS, CHRIST, when Thou didst dwell
On earth with mortals long ago,
The heavy-laden knew Thee well,
And Thou didst heed their cry of woe.

And Thou didst hear the humble prayer
That told the sorrow of the soul ;
And to the spirit crushed by care
Thou gav'st the word that made it whole.

The darkened mind with heavenly light
Thou, from Thy presence, didst illumine ;
And day returning after night,
Dispelled their dismal clouds of gloom.

And eyes with sorrow filled were made
To shine with hope like early morn ;
Enduring joys for those that fade,
Thou gav'st their sadness to adorn.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

And Thou, O Christ, art still the same,
Time hath not chilled Thy loving heart ;
Come then, as Christ in mercy came,
And now, as then, Thyself impart.

We need Thee still ; O gracious Lord,
In all our sin, and grief, and pain,
Come then, and let Thy living word
Enrich our needy lives again.

II

Go, ye saints, to Bethlehem,
Ere the morning breaks,
Hear the song the angels sing
While the earth awakes,—
Go, and put your harps in tune,
For the praise of the Triune.

Go, ye saints, to Galilee,
When the noon is high,
Hear the voice of Wisdom speak
To the passers by,
See the work of mercy wrought,
Learn to labour as ye ought.

Go, and seek Gethsemane,
In its darkest shade ;
See the sorrowing God-man there,
Sighing, prostrate laid ;
Go, and pray " Thy will be done,"
With the agonizing Son.

MISCELLANEOUS

Go, ye saints, to Calvary,
Where the flesh is torn ;
See the power of sin o'erthrown
Mid its shouts of scorn ;
And, before the awful Cross,
Count the gain that comes from loss.

III

HE climbed the slopes of Olivet
When came the hour of prayer,
And in the stillness, Christ with God
Held close communion there.

Then all the noise of life was still,
And all the tongues that pain,
And peace His troubled heart possessed,
Which waiting spirits gain.

Then sank life's tumult like the waves
On Galilee that frowned,
And in the depths of love divine,
The hate of man was drowned.

Lord, when my soul by carking care
Has lost its needful rest,
Lead me to where the voice is heard
That comforts the distressed.

That even now, in distant days,
My longing soul may share
The rich supplies of grace divine,
In answer to my prayer.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

IV

O LIGHT serene of heavenly birth,
No dawn Thy glory knew ;
No night shall chase Thy beams from earth,
Nor clouds pursue.

Eternal day, where Thou dost shine
Illumes the hallowed place,
And souls reflect Thy light divine,
O Lord of Grace.

O, from Thy dazzling throne come down,
To gild our darkness here,
And rend the clouds that threatening frown,
And chase our fear.

Unfading in our souls abide,
To give more beauties rare,
Than paint the earth in Summer time
When flowers are there.

O Christ, our Lord, here clouds obscure,
And beauty fades from sight ;
But bring us where Thy joys endure,
In lasting light.

V

LORD of the brave and strong,
Armed for the ceaseless fight,
Fired with the love of right,

MISCELLANEOUS

Filled with a hate of wrong,—
Thine is the might they wield,
Lord of the brave and strong.

Lord of the weak and faint,—
Faint yet pursuing still,
Bowing to Thy sweet will,
Bearing without complaint ;
Thine is their power to bear,
Lord of the weak and faint.

Lord of the good and true,
Souls that the rays entwine
Shot from the Orb divine,
Lives that their tasks pursue ;
Thine is the life they live,
Lord of the good and true.

Lord of the souls that love,
Seeking the lives that roam,
Bringing the wanderers home,
Pointing to bliss above ;
Thine is the love, O Christ,
Lord of the souls that love.

Lord of all souls that live !
Grant us Thy grace, we pray,
Humbly from day to day,
Ever our best to give ;—
Thou wilt our souls befriend,
Lord of all souls that live.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

VI

I WILL not yield my sword,
I will not bow the knee,
But I would hear the blessed word
That calls my soul to Thee ;
And through the din of war,
And in the midst of strife,
That word shall be the guiding star
To lead me on to life.

And in the midst of snares
Which subtle fingers lay,
I shall not stumble unawares
Upon the upward way ;
But keep before my eyes
The goal before me set,
Lest I should miss the glorious prize
Which loyal victors get.

O Christ, Who art my King,
Thy cause I make mine own,
Till proud rebellious foes shall bring
Their homage to Thy throne ;
Till then my heart revive
With courage brave and strong,
And steel my feeble arm to strive
Against the power of wrong.

When from the fateful field
I hail my rightful king,
To Him my trusty sword I'll yield,
And all my trophies bring ;

MISCELLANEOUS

And He shall crown my head
With honours richer far,
Than trophies from the conquered dead,
And all the spoils of war.

VII

COME with your praises, a sacrifice meet,
Blending with theirs who adore at His feet ;
Pour forth your hearts in a glorious song,
Praising the Christ, to Whom praises belong.

Ye, who have trod on a burdensome way,
Doing life's tasks in the heat of the day ;
Strong to endure in the conflict of life,
Braving the foe in the thick of the strife.

Ye, who have stood when temptation was strong,
Doing the right in the face of the wrong,
Holding the banner of truth in the breeze,
Honoured to bear it, nor careful to please.

Ye, who have walked in the valley of night,
Straining the eye for the dawning of light ;
Weeping the tears that in silence are shed,
Burdened with grief for the lost and the dead.

Praise Him for help in the years that are past ;
Praise Him for grace in the time that shall last ;
Praise Him for faith to endure to the end,
Hope to illumine, and love to befriend.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Glory to God ! at the close of the day,
Freed from the burden and toil of the way,
Angel, archangel, with saint shall unite,
Praising the Christ for His love infinite.

VIII

THESE are the jewels all glorious that shine
High in the crown of the Monarch divine ;
Circling the brow like a rainbow of light,
Brighter than stars in an Orient night.

They who have dwelt in the darkness below,
Cheering its sadness, and healing its woe ;
Seeking the wanderers and pointing the way
Out of the night to the glories of day.

They who had ears for the penitent's plaint,
Stretching their hands to the weak and the faint ;
Aiding the weary who toil for their bread,
Wiping the tears that in sorrow are shed.

Holding as gain what the world deems but loss ;
Bearing with meekness the weight of the Cross ;
Counting it glory to suffer the shame
Linked to the servant who honours His name.

Cherubim, seraphim, glowing and bright,
Stand in the Holy place girded with light ;
Ah, but the jewels more glorious that shine,
Flash from the crown of the Monarch divine.

MISCELLANEOUS

IX

WAVE, wave your banners high,
The day of strife is done,
On blood-red field the foemen lie,
And victory is won ;
The march, the toil, the fight are o'er,
Now sheathe the sword for evermore.

Ah, long the strife endured,
And hard the foemen pressed,
But now the garland is secured,
And weary warriors rest ;
Now hear your Captain's voice, "Well done,"
And take the prize your valour won.

O peace, when strife is past,
O rest, when toil is o'er,
O City of the King, at last,
And bliss for evermore ;
Now to the footstool of the King,
Your spoils of war and triumphs bring.

X

ARISE, my soul, and gaily sing
The praise of Thine immortal King ;
The heavens His matchless power adore,—
Arise, and sing for evermore.

The morning dawns at His command,
And lights the world o'er sea and land ;
And upwards, see, the sun arise
To shed its glories from the skies.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

And falls the twilight o'er our heads,
When night its sable curtain spreads,
For all His Kingly words obey,—
The dark of night, the light of day.

O, heavenly King, in every soul
The darkness of our night control,
And in the blackness of that night,
Speak Thou the word "Let there be light."

And as the morn from darkness springs,
And speeds to earth on silent wings,
A dawn more glorious shall awake,
And bright upon our spirits break.

O, Sun of Righteousness, arise !
And fill our souls with glad surprise,
Nor into dark of night decline,
But aye at noon-tide brightly shine.

SECOND ADVENT

I

WATCHERS, let your lights be burning,
Soon the Bridegroom will be here ;
List ! the footsteps now returning,
Rise to greet Him, He is near ;
See your lamps are trimmed and burning,
For the Lord at His returning.

SECOND ADVENT

Wake, awake, no time for sleeping,
Though the midnight hour be dark ;
Faithfully your vigil keeping,
You shall greet Him ;—watchers, hark !
Footsteps tell your Lord's returning,
See your lamps are trimmed and burning.

Ah, the shame when He appeareth,—
Sleeping watchers, flickering light ;
Ah, the sorrow when He neareth,
In the middle of the night ;—
Drowsy, in the dark reclining,
While a myriad lamps are shining.

Ah, my soul, bestir, awake thee,
Day is passing, soon 'tis night ;
If the midnight hour o'ertake thee,
Will thy lamp send forth its light ?
Wake, awake, thy Lord returneth,
See thy lamp is trimmed, and burneth.

II

THE King shall come when morning dawns,
And light triumphant breaks ;
When beauty gilds the eastern hills,
And life to beauty breaks.

Not as of old, a little child
To bear, and fight, and die,

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

But crowned with glory like the sun,
That lights the morning sky.

O, brighter than the rising morn,
When He victorious rose,
And left the lonesome place of death,
Despite the rage of foes ;—

O, brighter than that glorious morn,
Shall this fair morning be,
When Christ, our King, in beauty comes,
And we His face shall see.

The King shall come when morning dawns,
And earth's dark night is past ;—
O, haste the rising of that morn,
That day that aye shall last.

And let the endless bliss begin,
By weary saints foretold,
When right shall triumph over wrong,
And truth shall be extolled.

The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light and beauty brings ;—
Hail ! Christ the Lord ; Thy people pray,
“ Come quickly, King of kings.”

SECOND ADVENT

III

A HALO rests upon Thy brow,
O Saviour of the sons of men ;
For Thou art crowned a Victor now ;—
But Thou wilt come to us again.

Thou hast a thought for those who tread
The steeps of life, and often fail ;
The weak in faith lift up the head,
And in Thy strength, O Christ, prevail.

Thou art not far removed from those,
That yearn for Thee, and seek Thy grace ;
Who in Thy tender love repose,
May hear Thy voice, and see Thy face ;—

And know the love that giveth rest,
And share its strength, and feel its glow ;
As he who leaned upon Thy breast,
When Thou wert with us, long ago.

But hearts are sad, and lives are lone,
They long for Thee, who love Thee most ;
Even when Thy promised Gift they own,—
The comfort of the Holy Ghost.

Thou art our Faith, our Hope, our Love,
O Lover of the souls of men ;
Bow down Thy heavens, and from above,
Come, Blessed Lord, to us again.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

IV

Ἀνωθεν, παρθένοι, βοῆς ἐγερσίνεκρος ἦχος

ST. METHODIUS, 3rd Century

BEHOLD the Bridegroom ! Hark the cry,
The dead awaking, rends the sky !

Go, virgins, He is near,
Your lamps all burning clear ;
He enters where the rising light
Asunder bursts the gates of night.
In holy garb, with lamp aglow,
To meet the Bridegroom forth I go.

The smiles of earth that turn to tears,
Its empty joys and foolish fears
I leave, for Thou dost call,—
Thou art my Life, my All ;
I would Thy beauty ever see,
Then let me, Blessed, cling to Thee.
In holy garb, with lamp aglow,
To meet the Bridegroom forth I go.

For Thee I leave the world behind,—
Thou art my Bliss, O Bridegroom kind ;
My beauty 's not mine own—
'Tis Thine, O Christ, alone ;
The bridal chamber I would see,
In perfect happiness to be.
In holy garb, with lamp aglow,
To meet the Bridegroom forth I go.

SECOND ADVENT

O God, exalted on Thy throne,
Who dwell'st in purity unknown,
 Lo, now we humbly wait,
 Throw wide the heavenly gate,
And with the Bridegroom, of Thy grace,
Give us at Thy right hand a place.
 In holy garb, with lamp aglow,
 To meet the Bridegroom forth I go.

V

AWAKE, my soul, bestir thee, for the hour is drawing
 nigh,
When the trump of God shall blazon from the silence
 of the sky,
And He shall come a second time, Who came at first
 to die.

It may be in the morning, when the hills are bathed
 in light,
Or at the hour of noontide, when the sun is at his
 height ;
But it may be in the darkness, in the middle of the
 night.

Be sure the hour is coming, and repenting seek His
 face,
For He Who comes to judge the world, is still the
 Lord of grace,
His throne shall be a Mercy seat, His love a hiding
 place.

HYMNS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

O Christ, in mercy save us, ere that day of dread
appear,
When sinners from Thy Judgement seat their awful
doom shall bear ;
Awake, my soul, bestir thee, for the time is drawing
near.

JUDGEMENT

Ode from the Penitential Office at Matins

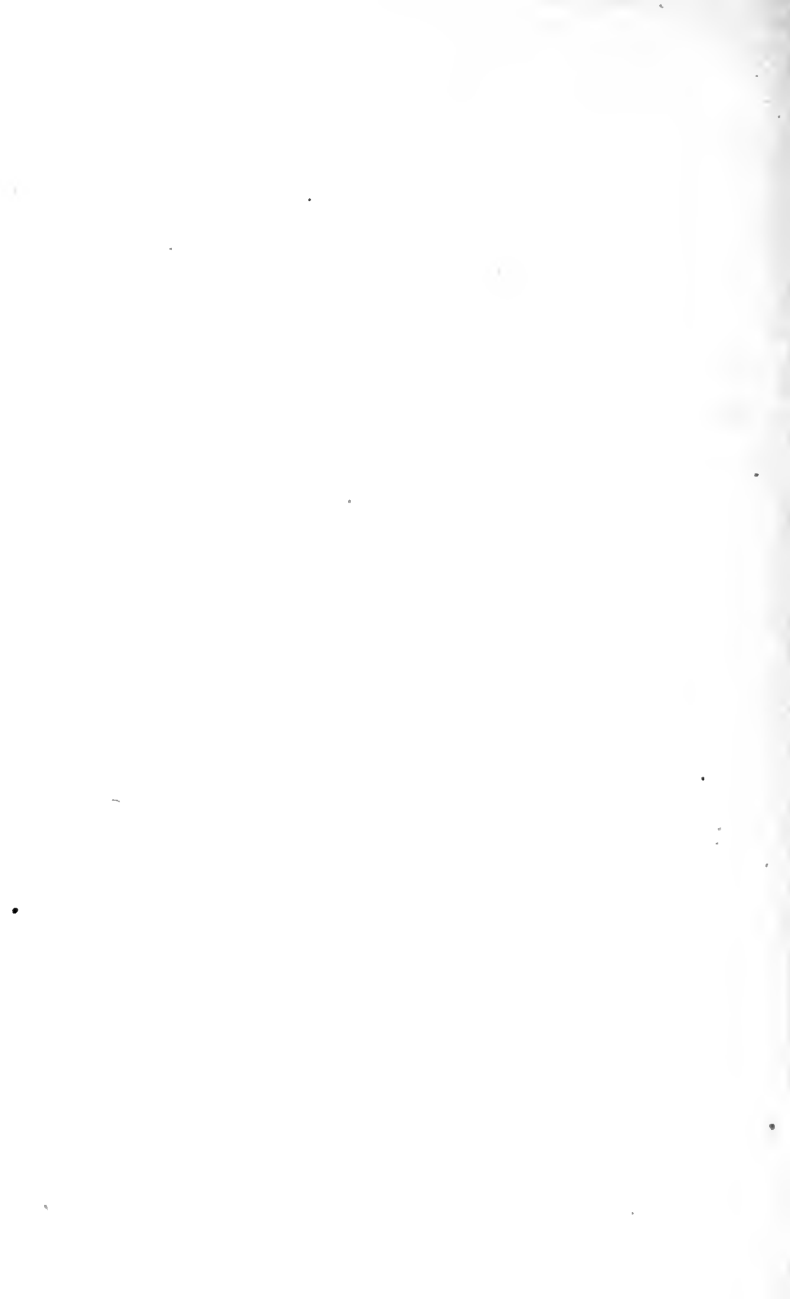
THE time is drawing nigh,
Even now the day is near,
When Christ from heaven high
To Judgement shall appear ;
Keep watch, my soul, in fear,
The Judge of men is near.

Then kings and princes great,
The rich and poor shall meet ;
And high and low estate
Shall gather round His feet ;
Keep watch, my soul, in fear,
The Judge of men is near.

No crafty words shall mar,
Nor sophistry distract ;
No parrying counsel jar
With the eternal fact ;
Keep watch, my soul, in fear,
The Judge of men is near.

JUDGEMENT

O Christ, in mercy then,
 Forbid my soul should go
With lost and ruined men,
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Keep watch, my soul, in fear,
The Judge of men is near.



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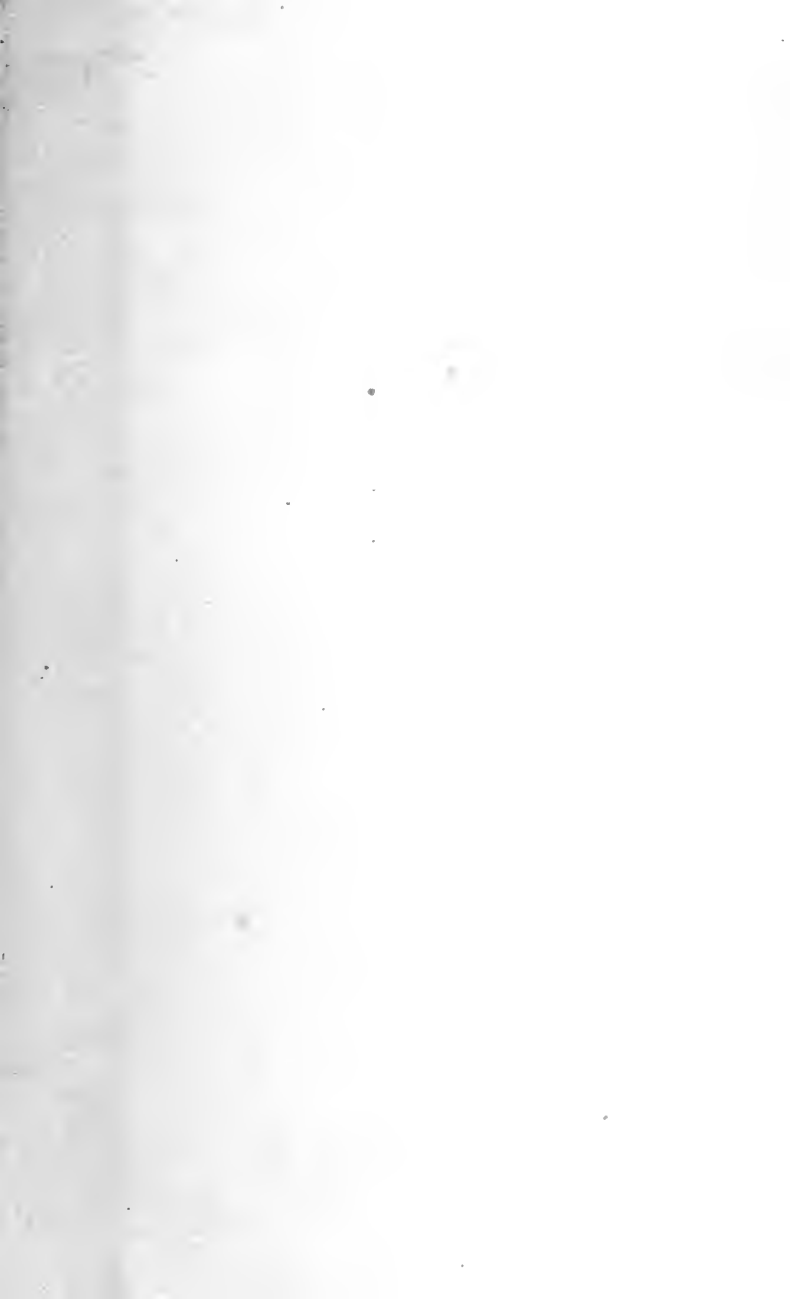
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THE END





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